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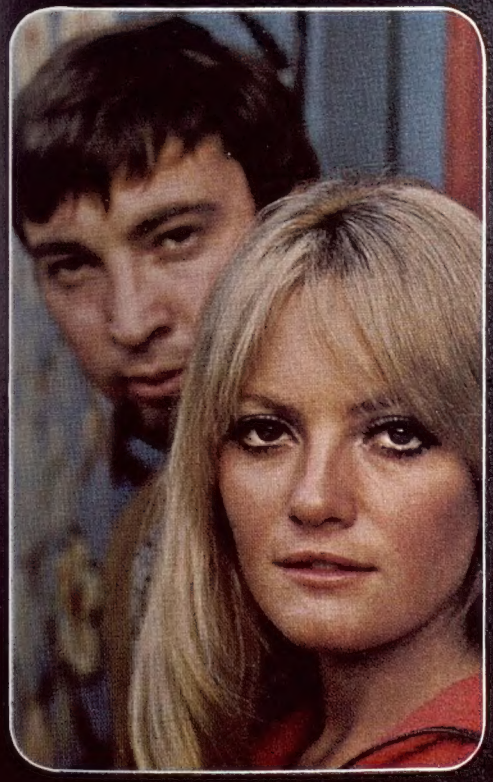
london life



HE & SHE

together make a couple, a unit for living. This week the lives of London's couples are explored. Married, engaged, going steady and just making friends. These are three couples who are getting the most out of London. Inside are many more who reveal their joys and problems, their hates and loves, and the difficulties and advantages of being a unit of two

'CRIMPLENE' A LA MODE IN A ROAD

Borrowed car developed fault on way to pick up fiancée, Janet. Girl in moke unable to pass. I pointed out I had no petrol, she offered help me push. Got engaged to her. Luckily had on club jacket in 'Crimplene', so looked eligible, handsome, even crawling out from under bonnet. (Janet becoming impossible anyway...took up karate for something do on winter evenings.)

KILSPINDIE CLUB JACKET IN 'CRIMPLENE'. 3 COLOUR VARIATIONS. ABOUT £5.10.0. ENQUIRIES TO KILSPINDIE LIMITED, HADDINGTON, SCOTLAND.

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LONDON LIFE

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Fashion Editor Sarah Drummond. **Diary Editor** Jeremy Harrison.

INCORPORATING THE TATLER

London is a city built for two. That is *London Life's* theory, and this week we prove it by exploring and examining the life two people lead, with close interviews among the married, the engaged, the going steady. The answer is always the same – if they want to be alone in the world, or if they want to be swinging along with the crowd, London comes up with the goods. Then there's a first look at some of the sensitive drawings of London, done by Paul Hogarth for his book – which has an incisive commentary by Malcolm Muggeridge and is published this week. And eyebrows are being raised at Oxford Circus where, behind the accidental camouflage of the Victoria Line operations, one of the capital's major department stores has been quietly revising itself, and at the same time putting into practice new theories on the psychology of shopping.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

They work hard, play hard. London's cool young couples – going married – have steady, engaged or one thing in common: Ambition. We investigate the He and She story on page 14

Julie Christie, award-winning star of Darling *... is busy in deepest Dorset on her latest film.* London Life *has been with her on and off the set – to discover the real Julie Christie. Page 24*

Raymond Burton is chairman of the Robinson group of stores. He is one of the men behind a new approach to fashion salesmanship – part of the biggest big-store revolution in years. Page 40

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Reputation

Those who have been having doubts about the world reputation of London's theatre (is it really all that marvellous, etc?) can relax this week, as an unprecedented flood of openings reveal the wide gamut of experience covered by our stage. The National Theatre fires a heavy gun with John Dexter's production of *The Storm* by Ostrovsky (18th); Spike Milligan returns in a new, improved version of *The Bed-Sitting Room* at the Mermaid (19th); there's a classic revival, more Oscar Wilde, this time *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the Pheonix ... Juliet Mills and Coral Browne lead a starry cast (13th).

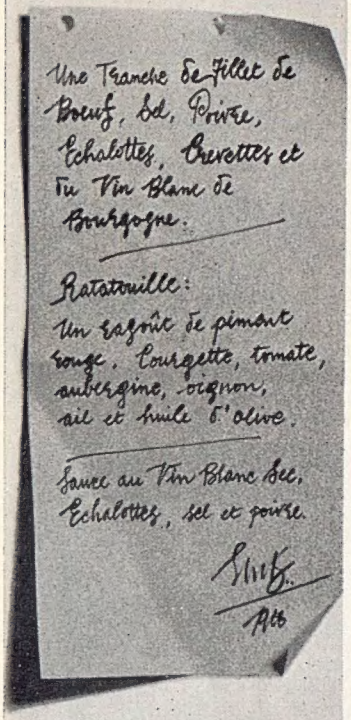
The Royal Shakespeare Company adds the interesting *Us* to its repertory (13th), and those two arch-comedians Jimmy Edwards and Eric Sykes arrive on the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre together in a farce called *Big, Bad Mouse* (17th).

200-voice choir

At the Royal Festival Hall an almost parallel variety of concerts calls for attention this week. There's Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonia in a Beethoven programme on the 13th and the brother and sister team of Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin in a recital on Friday, and the Modern Jazz Quartet on Saturday.

Make sure of your London Life every week - see page 54

Le Tournedos Sauté aux Crevettes de la Manche


Une Tranche de Filet de Bœuf, Sel, Poivre, Echalottes, Crevettes et Un Vin Blanc de Bourgogne.
Ratatouille:
Un ragoût de piment rouge, Courgette, tomate, aubergine, oignon, ail et huile d'olive.
Sauce au Vin Blanc Sec, Echalottes, sel et poivre.

Centre cut of fillet steak, sautéed with shallots prawns, ratatouille and white Burgundy

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

Marlene Dietrich makes her only London appearance this year at the Golders Green Hippodrome on 31 October. **Carl Avanzo** is installing an aquarium in his Gattopardo restaurant so that diners can fish out their own trout. **Hans Hotter,** the German opera director, last seen with **Lord Harewood** at the World Cup Final, is back among the Valkyrie. **Ken Dodd** is taking a long rest from the stage to concentrate on making Diddy toys. **General Walter Warlimont,** an ex-friend of Hitler, is helping **Sir Basil Liddell Hart** with his *History of the Second World War*. **Larry Adler** is off to New York for a one-man show on Broadway. **Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs** is organising a party of 50 to show "Swinging London" at the Knokke Casino on Saturday. **Michael Pertwee** has at last got electricity in his Spanish villa.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Denny, will follow custom and disappear from the City scene for a full six months after he has been Sir Robert Bellinger's guest of honour at the Lord Mayor's Banquet on 12 November. Sir Lionel and Lady Denny are going on a round trip to the Canaries on the Fred Olsen liner *Black Prince*, which Lady Denny launched in Hamburg earlier in the year. Then they are off on a long voyage in a British ship, within the sterling area – "with £50 to spend if I should dock at any port," adds Sir Lionel.

Big food hunting is about to hit London. From 1 November you will be able to spend your weekends on gastronomic safaris in Mayfair starting on Friday evening and eating through until Sunday evening – with accommodation provided. One of the safaris, offered by Grand Metropolitan Hotels, is based on the Europa Hotel, and for £17 10s inclusive, offers meals at the Coq d'Or and Le Chateaubriand and the Beachcomber.

Patricia Marx, 28-year-old American radio and television personality, is in London for six weeks to "find out what is making

London so alive." She is recording interviews for a series of half-hour radio programmes, which will be syndicated all over America in December. "I've already done Lance Percival," she says, "and I'm hoping to include Kenneth Tynan, Sir Laurence Olivier, Terence Stamp, Enoch Powell and Michael Foot."

Dancers rehearsing for the film Half a Sixpence *at Henley-on-Thames are wondering why the filming of the river-bank scene was left until autumn. They had to be issued with waterproof boots so that they could dance on in inches of mud.*

Dandie Fashions, a male boutique in Queen's Gate Mews, Kensington, was cleaned out of stock by the Rolling Stones. Mick Jagger & Co paid them a visit recently – and bought up the shop. Owner John Crittle was so bewildered he even sold them the jacket off his back. "It was fantastic," he said. "They came in one day and bought everything – clothes, shoes, the lot. We specialise in contract design and I was so overwhelmed – I discovered afterwards they had taken other people's orders. I am now trying to replenish my stocks as fast as possible." The Stones took 15 suits with them in their car. Brian Jones ordered three more. "I was left with a handsome cheque and an empty shop," says Mr Crittle.

Linda Kaye, 16-year-old singer from Tyneside with a 4½-octave voice, makes her West End debut on 16 October at the Prince of Wales. The show will be in aid of the Turkish earthquake victims.

The Hon Angus Ogilvy will represent the National Association of Youth Clubs, of which he is chairman, at a *soiree* at Asprey's,

the Bond Street jewellers, on 7 December. The Association, and Oxfam, are to benefit from the proceeds of a jewel auction at Christie's earlier in the day, as well as from an evening auction on Asprey's premises. The largest part of the proceeds will run into several thousand pounds, will go to Oxfam, who will be represented by Sir Thomas Moore. Many of the donations of jewellery have been sent from abroad. Among them are an 82-pearl necklaces from the Government of Japan, a very fine uncut diamond from the Government of Sierra Leone, and a 50-carat cabochon ruby from the Government of Tanzania.

Lord Butler of Saffron Walden, the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, is selling a pair of Cotswold stone cottages at Avening, Gloucestershire. They sound cheap at £6,500 the pair with half an acre of garden thrown in.

Skindles, the riverside hotel at Maidenhead, is flying in French croupiers to operate gaming tables in their new casino. The hotel is being rebuilt to accommodate the addition, which is costing £5,000. They are also installing closed-circuit television so that hotel guests can watch play at the tables.

Carl Edwards, the stained glass window artist, is at work in his studio over the Apothecaries' Hall in the City on a 500-square-foot window for Liverpool Cathedral. "This is the largest window I have ever worked on," he says. It is called the "Layman's Window" and contains pictures of craftsmen working on the Cathedral – there is even a picture of a stained glass studio. Mr Edwards, who has been working on the Cathedral since 1958, has spent the last four months on this window. He expects to finish it about Easter.

Mr James Callaghan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will send off a £75 10s maintenance cheque this month for a non-existent castle in Wales. The Treasury has paid this annual cheque since 1786 to the Buckminster Estate near Grantham. That was the year when they took it over from the Keepers of the Privy Purse. Charles II is thought to have invented the castle – "Fillingharne Castle in Wales" – in an effort to raise more money for himself. Later he sold the lease to the Dysart family – who owned the Buckminster Estate – in an effort to raise yet more money. It would cost too much for the Treasury to redeem the lease so they go on paying. But they get most of the money back in taxes.

The Lancet, *which is now printing an edition in Boston, Massachusetts, with American advertisements, is receiving complaints from transatlantic readers saying they prefer "the nice old-fashioned English advertisements."*

Lady Astor will preside over the "Find Your Feet Ball" at the Café Royal on 25 October. The patrons of the Ball, which is in aid of the European Campaign for Women Refugees, are the Swiss, Danish, Netherlands, Italian and German Ambassadors.

David Parsons, the young Australian display designer who has just completed an eye-catching window for the new John Stephen

wig boutique, Periwig, in Beauchamp Place, is resisting suggestions that he ought to open a boutique of his own. "Believe me," he says, "lots of people have told me I ought to open one." But he has decided against the idea. "I have a feeling," he continues, "that we may have just one too many boutiques eventually, and if I opened one, that one might be it."

A Pakistani, a Spaniard and a Scot are to judge entries in an international contest for the design of a Moslem mosque to be built in Regent's Park.

Andrew Lovatt, the 17-year-old South Londoner who will soon be the youngest publisher in the country, is to launch his first title in January. Lovatt, who is backed by a City banker, now feels that the book – The Wave Theory of the Universe **by Thomas Shelton – will need a large first edition. Scientific interest in Shelton's argument against the belief that the earth is a solid mass has been intense.**

WHEN YOU GUIDE A PRINCESS THROUGH THIRTY NOSTALGIC YEARS...

A nostalgic double for Oliver Messel, designer extraordinary to London's theatre. . . .

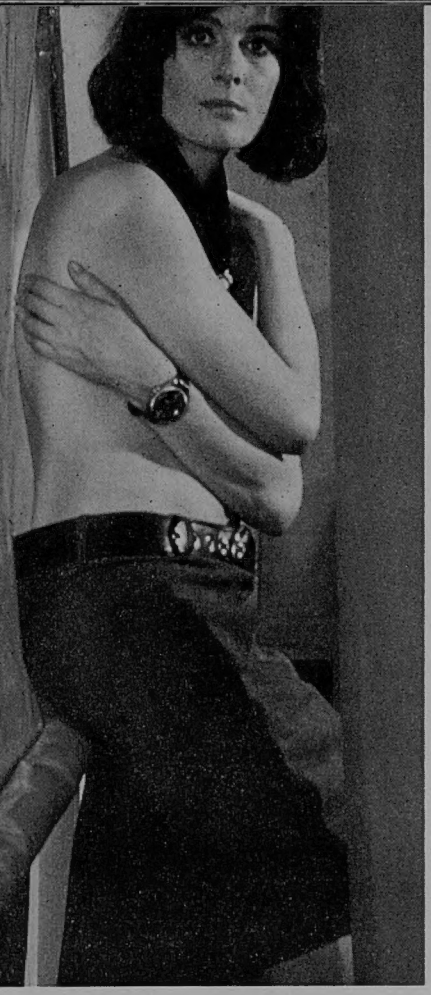
NOSTALGIA in his decision to leave the London he has brilliantly captivated over the past 30 years. Ill health forces him to move permanently to the sunshine of Barbados.

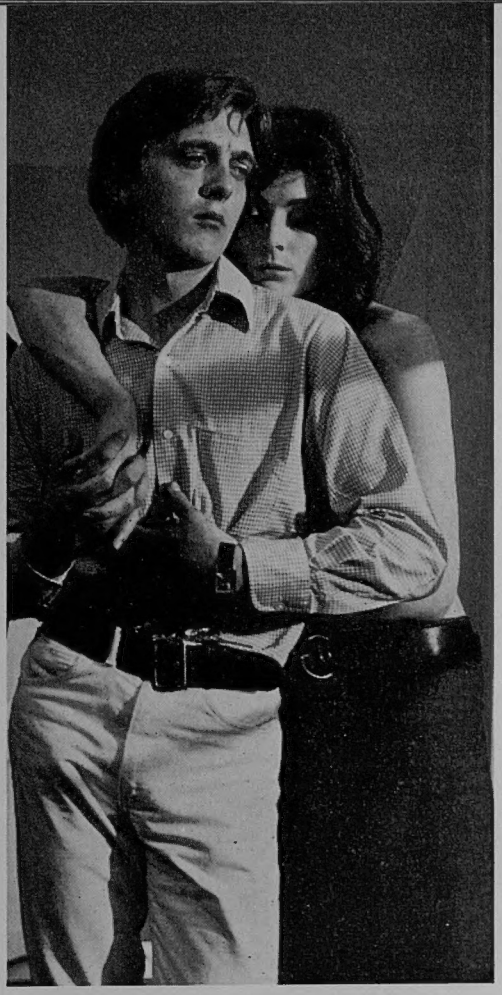
NOSTALGIA, too, as he shows Princess Margaret around his exhibition of cartoons and models at the Wright Hepburn Gallery in the Halkin Arcade, Belgravia.

For these are the sketches from which he created those stunning costumes and sets.

And it might very well be London's last opportunity to see them. . . .

Photograph by JOHN BENTON HARRIS.





VANESSA FACES UP TO THE STARK FACTS

Candid bedroom scenes are no longer confined to French or Scandinavian films. It's no longer just nubile and little-known Continental starlets who consent to revealing sequences. When a British actress of the calibre of Vanessa Redgrave participates in a nude shot, as she does with co-star David Hemmings (who is pictured with her above) in Antonioni's new film *The Blow-Up*, perhaps it's a sign that the cinema has come of age. It confirms that candour is the latest trend in the modern cinema and far more radical than Technicolor, Cinerama or 3-D. Today nudity on the screen is becoming more and more commonplace. But what do actresses and directors really feel about baring all for the camera?

DOREEN KING reports.

EVER since Hedy Lamarr tripped in carefree and clothes-free abandon through the Czechoslovakian woods in 1932, pursued only by a tracking camera, the cinema has flirted with portrayals of the nude female form. Recently, hardly a month has passed without the announcement that yet another actress has decided to allow the camera to play Peeping Tom for art's sake.

Vanessa Redgrave stripped for a nude shot in Antonioni's new film, *Blow-Up*. Jean Shrimpton peeled for a scene in her first film, *Privilege*. Elizabeth Taylor, it's said, will feature in a brief nude sequence when she plays Helen of Troy in the film of *Dr Faustus*.

Motivation

But what, as Method addicts might ask, is the motivation? And how does an actress feel when she's asked to appear unclothed?

Peter Watkins, the director of Jean Shrimpton's film in which Paul Jones also stars, explained, "It happened to be right in the development of this particular relationship in the film. It's probably one of the most innocuous scenes in bed that has ever been filmed. I wanted to establish a very close, intimate and emotional atmosphere and I think it works. Just because this kind of scene has been filmed before, I don't see why I should not do it again. There was no commercial or sensual reason.

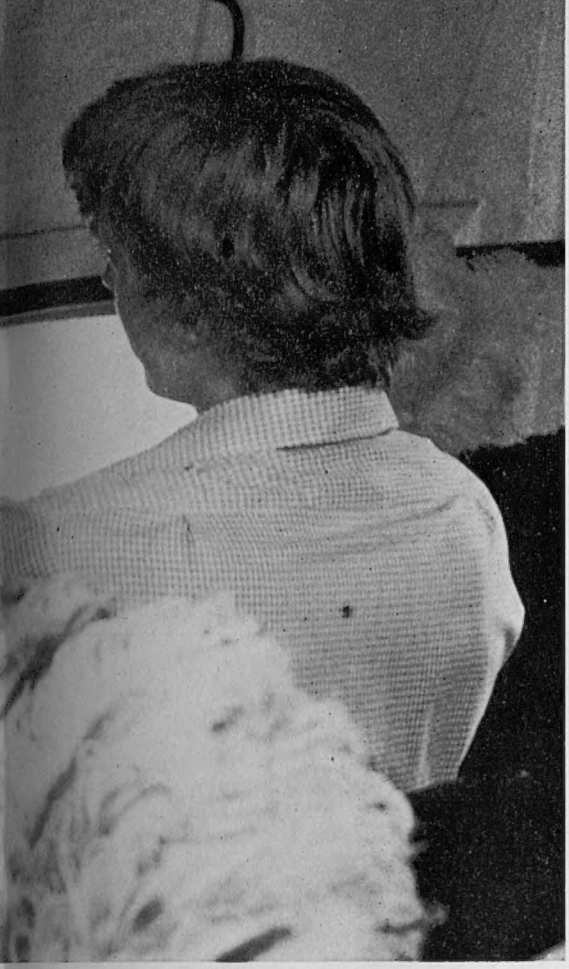
"It was a difficult shot to do, as I wanted it to look real and gentle, simple and realistic. It doesn't show the actual act of lovemaking but the people a little while afterwards. And the scene is very relevant to the structure of the boy's character."

Jane Birken played a scene that meant she had to disrobe in the Antonioni film. She feels that nudity before the camera "depends so much on the circumstances." She added, "I don't think a man like Antonioni would do it unless it were necessary. He assured me he would film it very beautifully. I had been asked to appear nude in several movies before, but I always refused until this film.

Playing

"I haven't seen the sequence yet, but I was told it came out like children playing. I was worried about doing it and discussed it with my husband (John Barry). He agreed that for a director like Antonioni it should be all right.

"To begin, I did feel terribly embarrassed, but it was a closed set. I was shaking with nerves, but the unit seemed to take it so for granted. I felt I would embarrass everyone else by being nervous. The scene was a dramatic sequence that takes place in a dream. Antonioni said the nudity was



OF ART FOR ART'S SAKE...

essential and I chose to believe him."

Julie Christie, who more than any other British actress symbolises candid and unfettered womanhood, was briefly seen in the nude in her Oscar-winning film, *Darling* . . . But her opinion of film nudity is hostile.

"I don't think I have ever seen a film in which it was ever really called for," she said.

It's become almost a commercial necessity in selling a film," she contended. Why then did she participate? "I objected to the shot in *Darling* . . ." she said, "and only did it at the director's insistence (John Schlesinger). I wouldn't do it again if I can help it. It embarrassed me leaping around in front of men I hardly knew."

Susan Hampshire was seen, though not by British audiences, in a nude shot in *During One Night*. "The censor cut out the shot, although it was beautifully done and just a silhouette. I think it was necessary as the story of the film was about a young airman during the war and his fears of impotence. The situation in the nude shot was the crux of the matter.

"But so much depends on the film and the director. There are some French directors who can ask any leading lady to take her clothes off and the results will be valid and in good taste. I don't think nude scenes are for every actress, although some women are so exquisite to look at, Brigitte Bardot for instance, that a nude shot is bound to be beautiful.

Exciting

"I didn't really want to do the shot in *During One Night*, but the director (Sidney J. Furie) insisted. Since then I've said no and I won't change my mind. I was asked to disrobe for a French film I made recently but I didn't want to. Instead, the director just showed bare leg or bare arm or bare shoulder. It was just as exciting and created the same atmosphere.

"It always comes back to the director, though. Some directors can film it so beautifully it can look as if you were not naked. A bad director can make it look cheap. Two different directors could take the same shot and one version will be beautiful and the other vulgar."

Julia Foster took her clothes off for a scene in *The Small World of Sammy Lee*. She recalls now: "I was terrified. But the scene was absolutely part of the story and absolutely essential to the plot. After all, if you are having an affair with somebody and you're in bed you're not going to have clothes on. Once I'd accepted that I had to do it, it didn't worry me at all. I believe it does reflect greater realism in the cinema and it's good within reason."

Nudity on the screen is by no means new, although it took three decades for the trend to cross the Channel and the Atlantic. Perhaps the most notorious film to exploit the female form was the Czech film, *Ecstasy*, in which Hedy Lamarr appeared nude. That was in 1932.

In 1935, Edwige Feuilliere made a naked appearance in *Lucrece Borgia*. Leni Riefenstahl directed the German film of the Olympic Games in 1936 and the opening sequence was of nude athletes posing.

Puritan

The 1940s and 1950s seemed a particularly puritan period but the famous Martine Carol bathroom scenes in the *Caroline Cherie* series started a revival. However, the real breakthrough began with the 1959 film *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and the realistic love scenes between Emanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Whether an actress appears in the nude for art's sake, the director's sake or because of the story line of the film, one thing is certain. The precedent has been set and the trend will continue.

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

By SHEILA FITZJONES

Others will replace me, says Segovia

I am always slightly apprehensive when I know I'm coming face to face with a truly great *maestro*, but the qualities that struck me most about Segovia when I met him this week at the Westbury Hotel were his humility towards his great talent and his *simpatica* as a man.

"I was born with a vocation for music," he told me. "I started by learning to play the piano, the 'cello and the violin, but the people who taught me in the little town where I was born in Southern Spain – in Linares – were very mediocre and, instead of attracting me towards these instruments, they made me run from them. It was the music of the guitar, as played in the rough hands of the people of the village, that seduced me."

The world's greatest guitarist, now 73 years of age, is here on one of his regular concert tour visits. He talked to me about growing old, and retirement. "I don't feel yet any limitation to the flexibility of my fingers and my technique – or my memory – but I don't want to wait for this to happen. Another three years I think I'll go on giving performances, and then. . . . I have many talented pupils now. Your John Williams is a young man with great talent."

Before I left, he confided: "I want to write my memoirs – a panorama of the revolution of art in my lifetime."

She made money writing about money

When American authoress Helen Hoke Watts needed $5,000 she sat down and wrote a book called *One Thousand Ways to Make One Thousand Dollars*. I discovered that people could earn money in the oddest ways – like getting 75 cents an hour for breaking in someone else's shoes. Over 250,000 copies of her book were sold – and she earned herself the money that she needed.

In fact, this prolific authoress – she has written 63 books and has, as always, another couple under way – seems able to turn her mind to the most diverse subjects. "I've written children's books, a book on Arctic mammals, books on witches, an encyclopedia of music-boxes, a digest history of South America, books on nurses, doctors, Alaska and anthologies of jokes. I didn't actually make up the jokes myself – there is no such thing as a new story. A lot of my friends delighted in telling m stories I couldn't print, and used to pay children I met i the street 25 cents for tellin me the story that amuse them most."

I met Mrs Hoke Wat at the Savoy, on her way bac to the States from visiting th International Book Exhibitio at Frankfurt. Writing boo doesn't involve all of her da she is also director of her hu band's New York publishin company.

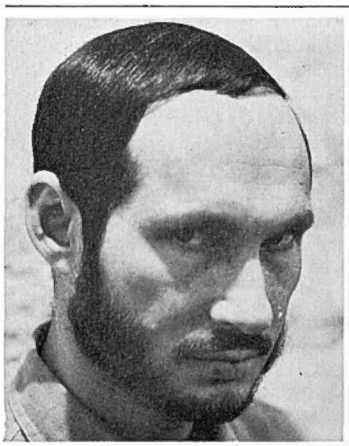
Looking for North Pole missionaries

Short, wiry and humorous, Dr Donald Marsh looks more like a James Cagney-type movie star than a clergyman. In fact, he is Bishop of the Arctic, and his diocese, which is the largest in the world, covers over two million square miles in the frozen North of Canada.

He is in England at the moment to look for new missionaries – qualifications for recruits include being able to speak the Eskimo language. . . . "There are 40 different words for snow. . . . And they have got to be men who can take it . . . they must be prepared, too, for isolation – though it is unlikely that they will have to be able to deliver babies and extract teeth as I did when I first went to the Arctic in 1926."

Dr Marsh explained about the difficulties confronting the Eskimo people today. "A few years ago the Canadian Government decided that all Eskimo children must have schooling, so they were pulled out of their hunting and trapping life and settled into communities.

He went on to comment about how the Eskimos are becoming Westernised. "Last year, on my whistle-stop air tour round my diocese, I saw only 12 igloos. Eskimo teenagers are learning to kiss instead of rubbing noses – copying the stars of the American films they can now see. And I even see the inevitable Beatle photographs pinned up on the walls–and hear them across the snowy waste-lands."



Nudes behind the Iron Curtain

Richard Grenier has a small notoriety as the man who two years ago led a magazine mission to do the first nude coverage of girls behind the Iron Curtain. "It was all relatively easy, really," he told me, "though we always had to be pretty secretive so that the girls wouldn't get themselves into trouble with the authorities. In Prague, Warsaw and Budapest it was a cinch – so many pretty girls there. Russia was harder work – no one there had heard of the magazine. "They all said 'Playboy – boy who plays – it must be a magazine for children.' "

I met this volatile, 40-year-old American – who now lives in Paris – while he was in London on a brief visit to see his literary agent. He has recently written his first novel – *Yes, and Back Again* – which was well received by the critics, and is here to discuss journalistic projects and a proposed second novel.

Originally from Boston, born in a house directly opposite to the one in which President Kennedy was born, Grenier went to Paris some years ago as what he calls a "wandering newspaperman." He has also written film scenarios, fallen into a river while interviewing Jeanne Moreau ("I was so dazzled by her I didn't know what I was doing"), and has even acted with Bardot.

Proving they're all boys at heart...

They're expensive toys, these. . . . That model locomotive being gloated over in our picture is just one of them, and *how* all those faces show the need to touch her, examine her, even own her. It was sale-time with a difference at Christie's, and a far cry from the usual works of art. Model steam-powered ships, locomotives, and traction-engines – 226 of them – competed for owners among the schoolboys-at-heart who flocked enthusiastically into the Great Room last week, when prices ranged from 28 guineas for a name-plate from a 1912 loco to 2,800 guineas for an American horse-drawn fire-engine. When the auctioneer's hammer came down for the last time that day, £39,305-worth of those models had been sold. There has been a big increase in the sale prices of scale-models over the last five years, and in America the demand greatly exceeds the supply. Anyone for model-making? **Picture by JOHN KELLY.**

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DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

TONY MANCINI, the likeable owner of the White Elephant casino in Curzon Street, has never refused a bet – never, that is, until last Tuesday night. Julian Moulton, the 22-year-old grandson of the founder of the Chase Manhattan Bank, wanted to cut him for a yacht. Tony Mancini told me: "It was very disappointing, but I had to tell him that I was not quite in that class."

For these two it would have been a return engagement. Two months ago Julian Moulton challenged Tony Mancini to cut cards for his Ferrari against Tony's Maserati. Tony Mancini cut a seven to his rival's four.

That was far from the end of the story. While driving home on wet roads, Julian Moulton skidded in the Ferrari he had lost and ran into a concrete block, doing more than £500 of damage. The car had to be sent to the Ferrari works at Modena, Italy, to be repaired, and was only recently ready to be handed over to Tony Mancini.

"In the end I settled for the money instead. He paid me £4,500," he said.

When I left Tony Mancini in his beautifully decorated casino, he was muttering to himself: "If only I had had a yacht. . . ."

Marriage recipe

Madame Prunier, one of the most remarkable women in London, has worked 12 hours a day for six days a week for the past 31 years. From now on it is going to be seven days a week. Her restaurant in St James's Street, now almost classified as a London landmark, is to be open for both lunch and dinner on Sundays.

Madame Prunier came to London in 1935 to open a branch of Prunier which was first established by her grandfather in Paris in 1872. Today there are two Prunier restaurants in Paris, both under the direction of her husband, Jean Barnagaud.

Since 1935 Madame Prunier has lived in London while her husband has been equally busy in Paris. "My husband has never been to see me in London," she said. "I always have to go across the Channel to see him. Even after 31 years we do not regard ourselves as being separated. It is one recipe for a successful marriage. It has certainly worked."

Madame Prunier has seen many changes since she first came here. "The most important is that food has become much less complicated," she said. "Now almost no one has more than three courses, while in the thirties it was always four or more. When I first came to London and put coloured table-cloths on the table, this was regarded as revolutionary and far from respectable."

During the war, like the Windmill, she never closed. "Our windows were blown out twice, so I boarded them up, painted them blue and left them like that until the end of the war."

Midnight oil

Mr Stewart, who owns a hairdressing salon for men and women in the Fulham Road, is nothing if not enterprising. He now opens his salon from midnight until dawn. I was interested to know just what kind of people wanted their hair done at three or four in the morning.

"So far I find it is most popular with publicans and Bunny girls. We serve snacks and get quite a party atmosphere. I think," he said hopefully, "that it should be very useful for busy City executives who don't have time to get out in their lunch-hour." Mr Stewart is certainly an optimist.

LETTER OF THE WEEK: A colleague of mine recently wrote to certain manufacturers with a view to having a prototype made of a new product. Among his replies was the following –

"With the vindictive socialist welfare state, taxation, and legislation that is absolutely killing incentive, thrift, and energy today there is no point in doing other than just tick over until possible sanity prevails." The name of the director who signed it was: "Allwright." His Christian name, I am assured, is not Jack, but let's pull up the ladder, anyway.

Not funny

Disappointed at not receiving an anecdote about Edward Heath from Transport House, I telephoned them to jog their memories. "We can see nothing whatever funny about Edward Heath," was the cold reply.

My favourite ad of the week was in the property column of the *Sunday Times*. It read: "Chelsea houseboat for sale. Mooring fees £120 per annum. Beautifully decorated. Four bedrooms, two bathrooms . . . view of river." If only it had overlooked Piccadilly Circus, I might have been interested.

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THE WEEK

Another season, another reason . . . And from Bond Street to Belgravia the social a-go-go that makes up The Week in London Life. **Gore Vidal** flies in for a morning reception . . . **Tony Bennett** forsakes San Francisco to put his new single, *A Time To Love*, into orbit at the May Fair . . . **Madame Tussauds** launch their £50,000 epic of the Battle of Trafalgar (and in the year of Our Harold, 1066 and all that, too!) . . . **Robert Carrier**

Above: At a reception held at the Imperial War Museum to launch the new British Printing Corporation series, *History of the Second World War*: Sir John Hackett, Sir Basil Liddell Hart (editor-in-chief) and Major-General N W Duncan, who is curator of the Tank Museum.

At the party given to celebrate re-designing of Peter Robins 's Oxford Street Store: Miss C ol Hannan and Mr S Mitsis. *(he Peter Robinson story – page 4(*

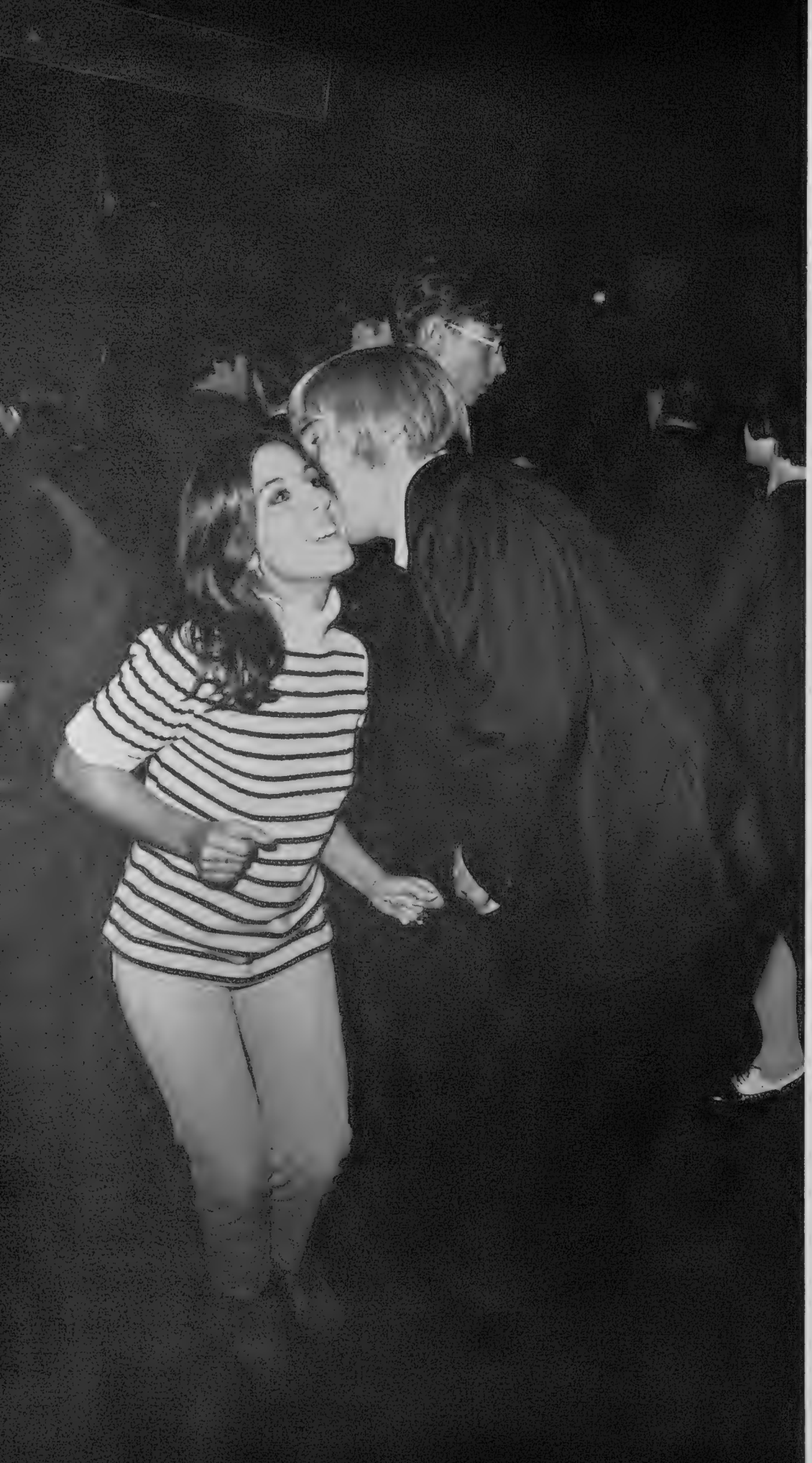
Above: At the NSPCC fur show held at Grosvenor House: Countess Beatty. **Left:** At the May Fair Hotel, to launch his new record *A Time To Love*: American singer Tony Bennett with Miss Sandi Grant. **Right:** At the party given at launch their new £50,000 tableau of the Battle of Trafalgar: Mr Julian Platt, Mrs Penny Monteath and Mrs Stella Grant.

opens his new restaurant . . . **Sarah Churchill** takes champagne and oysters at Cunningham's . . . **Peter Robinson's** throw a party to tell everyone about the swinging new image of their just-redesigned store . . . and – up at the Imperial War Museum – the talk is all military, as the British Printing Corporation promotes a major breakthrough with **its** *History of the Second World War.* So all in all, quite a week.

Above: Gore Vidal, the American author and politician, held a party at the Savoy to celebrate the publication of his novels *Messiah* and *Julian*, by the New English Library.

Above: A new interior design shop opened, simply called Sell. The owner is Christian Sell, sitting on the chair. With him: Allen Henderson, Dorothy Henderson and Sacha Davies.

Above: Cooking expert Robert Carrier opened his restaurant in Camden Passage, in Islington. Mr and Mrs Hugh Johnson were at the opening. **Left:** Sarah Churchill samples the season's oysters at Captain Cunningham's tasting.



HE &

London's cool

SAID the young executive: "It's so difficult to think of a couple who are going steady. Everybody changes partners so often. It's all too easy. The girl takes her new boy-friend back to her flat, he meets her flat-mates and next week he's going out with one of them. In the country it's easier, of course. There isn't the choice of partners for one thing, and for another, there isn't the same number of things to do."

Said the young wife: "I couldn't glory in being a mum. You know, stay at home and play with the brats. I stopped working once and was bored to screaming sobs. If I say I work for money, people seem to understand. If I say I work because I like to, they don't."

Said the young artist: "I don't particularly believe in marriage, I don't think that signing a certificate confirms affection. We live together, share each other's flat for a week or so. But if one of us gets nervy, we just cut out. It's a very common sort of relationship. Neither of us particularly want to get married."

Said the young designer wife: "I have two beautiful children, but I feel I'm missing so much being at home all the time. I envy girls with jobs, especially the creative ones."

Marriage imposes a necessary maturity, and by its very nature, maturity brings a sense of discrimination. The greatest problem facing the youthful married couple in London today is that of reconciling the two worlds: the noisy, irresponsible, attractive world of the young, which they are leaving, and the more steady, responsible routines of the marital régime, which is closing around.

These two worlds are by no means mutually exclusive, and probably never before has society been so geared to allow the married couple an extension of their free, youthful outlook. There is far less of a division between the late teen-

Deana Martin invents her own dance at Tiles, at the start of a night on the town. Her partner is Ray Williams, business associate of the man she is dating regularly.

SHE... From plumbers mate to Boutique owner young couples have one thing in common: Ambition

There is a growing certainty that two people can not only live as cheaply as one but far more successfully. ROGER BAKER spoke to several couples living in London and concludes that life has more to offer when the individual's frame of reference is extended by collision with that of a partner

early twenties, and the late-twenties-early thirties than there used to be. Being married, having a couple of children, a house and attendant responsibilities no longer mean a severance from the booming, youth-dominated world. The young are admired and encouraged generally, only superficial mannerisms irritate . . . "I like going to some clubs and *discothèques*, but not those that are full of youngsters in sloppy clothes, necking all over the place."

A married man can quite easily shop in Carnaby Street – but the chances are he won't . . . "I went into this shop; it was called *Ponce One* or something. The boy behind the counter was talking to a visitor from head office, but he wasn't listening. He was checking everything the man was wearing – from shirt collar, number of buttons on his jacket, down to his shoes." Similarly the In places tend to bore after a while, unless they are particularly good. Dolly's and Sybilla's rate, but more than one couple paid brief tribute to the great days of the Ad Lib.

Couples are happy with the world in which they live. Envy of the whizzy youngsters slips away to be replaced by a benevolent tolerance, particularly among the group that are too old to be contemporaries and too young to be parent figures . . . "Life ticks over nicely."

Working hard

But ambition is a governing factor. "I believe in working hard; it's no good playing around," says Lesley Druitt. Tall, elegant, she supervises women's interest accounts for Hugh Mackay's public relations firm. She is married to Michael Druitt, agent for Bollinger champagne and Delamain brandy. Theirs is a second marriage for both of them.

James Wedge, bearded milliner who now runs two boutiques in the King's Road in partnership with his girl-friend, Pat Booth, says: "I think I am ambitious. I've tried to be the very best milliner. Now I intend to have the best boutiques. Secretly, I suppose, I want to be acclaimed by people."

Maxine Leighton, who has been running her own shop in Conduit Street for two years, and her husband, Harold (Julie Christie, among others, goes to him to have her hair done), admit that they are both very ambitious. At the moment they are in America hoping to establish branches of Maxine Leighton in New York and on the West Coast. She says: "I never want to be like some mad career woman. I will never lose my femininity, never. Anyway, Harold wouldn't let me: 'You are getting too masculine, Max, he'll say.' "

This demanding strain of sheer ambition ("You've got to work at anything you want – it won't come to you") works its effects during the crucial 10 years between young hopeful and established businessman (or woman). Says Maxine Leighton: "Apart from perhaps two couples, we feel we have lost all the friends we had 10 years ago. It's like the yellow brick road – we've lost them on one of the turnings. We have moved with 1966; the men we used to know get staid and all. Suddenly we have nothing in common."

James Wedge, who is 29, admits the same pattern, though he also says: "I feel very much a part of young people. I like them very much. It's encouraging to see them doing great things. And I like the idea of protest. But I have lost all the friends I knew 10 years ago. I was in the Navy for my national service, then I went to art school and on to the Royal College of Art. Today I feel I have very few friends but lots of acquaintances. In 10 years' time I expect to have built up a circle of more real friends, though."

Ambition, less spectacular in form but equally strong in content, spurs the life of Roger Littlejohn and his fiancée, Caroline Wrist. Their world is not that of the King's Road (though Roger lives in Chelsea), or of the *discothèques* and clubs. He is 19, a plumber's mate. She is 18, a wages clerk. They met at school – St Michael's, Sloane Square.

Competitive

"We started going out together and we sort of took it for granted, though we didn't get serious until about the middle of our last year at school. We won't get married for two years. It's not because our parents don't approve – I think my mum's got used to him now – but you can do so much more when you are 21: you know, sign hire-purchase forms and get a mortgage. We are saving now, putting money into our bank accounts each week. But it is competitive; neither of us knows how much the other has got."

Now, and for another two years, Roger spends two evenings a week at night school on a four-year City & Guilds plumbing course. He intends to own his own business eventually – at the moment he is working for a self-employed man and likes the idea. "I certainly hope I shall carry on working when we are married," says Caroline. "I like my job, and we want to settle down a bit and get established and wait until we have enough money to be able to afford children." They plan to live in a flat. "I don't really want a house. We would never leave London for one thing, and I've never lived in a flat, so it would be a novelty."

Gradually the pattern emerges. The couple work together, to a common, ambitious end. The wife also has a job – or if she hasn't, wants to get back into harness, as it were, as soon as possible. When two people become a unit of one (for whatever reason), large areas of each life are inevitably cut away; friends disappear, others appear; days of freedom (in the sense of spending all that's made, going out every night, deciding to cry tomorrow) are replaced by senses of responsibility. All this governs the way life is lived.

When there are children, first-rate organisation is the basic. Maxine and Harold Leighton have two, Philip who is seven and at school, and Adam who is three and attending nursery school for half a day.

Maxine has a mother's help, a Dutch girl who lives in, and the services of a daily woman. "We are very highly organised, we have to be. Harold is a super cook and we share those responsibilities. If Harold is going to cook the meal he really does the whole thing – not just being impressive with the main course. Before I opened my shop we would give a dinner party about once a month. Now we tend to give a dirty big party once a year. I think it is basically that we are both too tired to entertain a great deal. I really think that people who are always giving dinner parties must do it for business reasons and must have a lot of help. We both work extremely hard. We do have a lot of energy, but then we flop. The other night we both slept through a television programme which had a bit in it about *me*."

Michael and Lesley Druitt also lead a well-organised life. They have two children: Jeremy who is two and Miranda Jane who is five months old. "We used to live in a Georgian house in Kensington, but we had to move – Jeremy was breaking the house up. So we bought a house just outside Windsor. It is better for the children to be brought up in the country anyway." They drive in to London together each day and have a girl to look after the

Continued from page 15

children . . . "We have nannies like other people have mice."

The Druitts entertain at home quite a lot – "perhaps too much," suggests Lesley. "We give dinner parties, and as we live in the country people tend to trail down for the weekends. Our parties may have a slight business overtone. That's usually because a lot of our chums are in the same field, or related ones. It doesn't mean they are business parties."

Party-giving at home seems to follow this pattern generally – occasional dinner parties for friends, and from time to time bigger gatherings. The Leightons also like to ring people up on Sunday and invite them round for supper that evening: "Just relaxed and informal." Another couple loathes noisy drinking parties . . . "A little drink and a lot of talk" is their ideal.

The tendency is to live in houses rather than flats. Most couples start their married life in a flat. But realisation that what they are paying in rent could easily be paid on a mortgage, and the arrival of children quickly force the issue. James Wedge and Pat Booth still prefer their respective flats just off Sloane Square.

At the moment Maxine and Harold Leighton live in a large flat above St John's Wood High Street, modishly décored in green and red. But they plan to move back to Hampstead – where his salon is, and where the children are at school – quite soon, and into a house.

Second marriage

Living in a flat are Nick and Jenny Britten. He is a writer on cars and driving and is a racing driver. She is a journalist. They married six months ago – both for the second time. "When you get married again," says Nick, "you know jolly well that you are going to make a real go of it this time."

Jenny moved into Nick's bachelor-oriented flat, leaving intact his own masculine sitting room with its battery of silver cups (trophies of the race track) and feminising the second sitting room with bobbled curtains, pretty furniture and ornaments. They have, however, just bought a big house in one of those pretty squares in Islington. Previous tenants were 13 Irish labourers: "Are we doing the right thing?" they keep asking each other.

The couple, whether married or engaged or just getting to know each other, prefer to go out alone – just the two of them – without other people to fragment the conversation. All appear to divide their trips out into swinging London into two categories. There are those evenings when they are exploring the scene; those evenings when they are just being together. The former excursion is more likely to be in a group.

Harold and Maxine Leighton tend to go to the places that are acceptedly smart. He keeps an eye on the hair, she on the clothes . . . "It is good for us to go to these places, to keep us on the ball. It is part of our life at the moment. We go to Alvaros; we belong to Dolly's and Annabels; we'd like to join Sybilla's. We don't like the clubs where there are very young people necking – there are plenty of other places where they can do it. But we do enjoy going out, just the two of us. In fact, we enjoy being together even more than before we were married. There is so much to talk about. We have time to catch up on what's happened."

Says Maxine: "Since I've been in business I've cut out a lot of friends. Now we have taken up a different sort of person, more intelligent – not suburbanites. I could never be boring about *au pairs* and babies." Says Harold: "That is what happens when the wife is at home all the time. You know, she wakes up, feels a bit off colour and wonders whether to stay in bed all day. Maxine has to get up and out."

This means, of course, that they see little of each other during the day (though they are in frequent communication on the telephone, "saying how much money we've taken," during business hours) and therefore have much to talk about during the evening.

They go to the cinema (she indulges his love of Westerns) and to the theatre (if the show has had good reviews); their current favourite restaurant is one in Westbourne Grove recommended by Julie Christie. They find it quiet and relaxing.

James Wedge and Pat Booth are getting bored with the In places; feel that the London night-life scene is not so exciting as it was even 18 months ago. "We go to Dolly's, Sybilla's – there's nothing much else to do. But it isn't as good as in the days of the Ad Lib. So many other clubs are turning into over-priced clip joints. The shops we run close at 8 pm, and this pressure cuts out a lot of our evening life. After we have closed Countdown and Top Gear we will go out for a meal, and we go to night-clubs once or twice a week – we used to go much more to the Ad Lib. Occasionally we will go to the cinema. Sunday is usually a quiet day; we may visit our parents or just cook at home, read the newspapers and watch television."

Michael and Leslie Druitt. Bringing the children up in the country, but getting the most out of town.

'I think I am ambitious, I've t ie(best Milliner, now I inten l t(Boutique . . . secretly I war t t(

Roger Littlejohn and his Caroline are smart, well-turned-out teenagers. He prefers to call himself an individualist rather than a Mod or any other label. He runs a car, has his suits made to measure.

Strong views

She makes a lot of her own clothes, likes reading history (has strong, defensive views about Henry VIII) and would rather see a play than a musical show. They went to see *Spring and Port W ne* after seeing an excerpt on t le-vision, and *The Dream* in Regent's Park. Clubs, *discothèques*, coffee bars, have little appeal for them. They will have a meal out if they feel hungry, and Caroline doesn't mind if Roger – who is a keen footballer, player and follower – goes off with the boys . . . "I know he'll be back some time or other." Both feel life is better for them than it was when their parents were the same age . . . "It's easier to buy things, there's more money floating about."

Michael and Lesley Druitt both spend a lot of time entertaining business contacts and attending business functions. Michael has a key to the Playboy Club but rarely uses it, and only then if a client is curious. They will eat alone together after a cocktail party, enjoy going to the clubs and restaurants that are currently in favour. They go to the

Nick and Jenny Brittan. She moved into his bachelor flat when they married six months ago.

to be the very have the best be acclaimed'

theatre a fair amount, to the cinema not so often and only if friends recommend the show . . . "My barber tells me when to book for Covent Garden," says Lesley.

They drop in at clubs, Sybilla's and Dolly's, and also like youngsters in their late teens . . . "The kids are having a super time; they are more adult and more intelligent and not nearly as spoiled as they used to be." Their own son is down for Eton and Wellington. They don't take the children on holiday with them . . . "We like to be very idle, hot sun and lots of water ski-ing. At the moment we are hooked on Tunisia. That's our ambition – to have a pad in Tunisia."

Holidays must be a contrast to the hustle of London: quiet, lazy. James Wedge had his first holiday for five years this year – Spain and the South of France. He expresses another view when he says: "I do not think holidays are very important. They are not particularly relaxing. It is more important that work is something you want to do rather than something to get away from."

For the young unmarried couples London offers what are perhaps the most glittering and exhausting entertainments and diversions in the world at the moment. Casing the scene recently was 18-year-old Deana Martin, daughter of American singer Dean Martin. "I'm studying at the Dartington College of Arts in Devon," she says. "I was thinking of RADA, but I didn't dare. You see, my sister Gail was accepted there and then she refused. It's a top honour. Only 10 Americans are accepted every year. So I thought they would take it out on me if I went. I could have gone to college, I suppose, but I hate college kids and rah-rah people. Besides, I wanted to see what England was really like. Before I leave for Devon I want to know London backwards."

Regular date during her stay in London was 22-year-old Simon Hayes, a partner in Mayfair Public Relations Ltd, a firm that handles a number of American pop stars. "I met him at Lionel Bart's house. I went to see a movie there – *East of Eden*. Isn't Lionel a nice man!"

Deana sticks firmly to the American pattern of dating, which isn't the same thing as going out regularly with a man. A girl can date anyone – even when she is going steady with a permanent boy-friend. Deana explained this as she prepared to go dancing with Ray Williams, that is, Simon's partner. "I think I must belong to every *discothèque* in London. I love the dancing and I love the anonymity."

That, in essence, sums up both what London offers couples and how the couple has integrated into life generally, breaking down the artificial social barriers The dancing and the anonymity. A married couple is no longer expected to conform to any pre-ordained pattern; no wife is assumed to be a housewife; no husband is felt to be too mature and responsible to try the watusi.

The surging world of the young infects up the age scale as well as down, conceivably making for happier people and ultimately for greater assonance between the generations.

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DESPERATE EYES AID REFUGEE CAMPAIGN

Among the cluster of relief funds, charity organisations and aid programmes which have sprung up in recent years, the most illustrious must surely be the European Campaign for World Refugees, under the sponsorship of Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. It has 16 member nations, and is organising a gigantic fund-raising operation from 24-31 October.

The most striking feature of the campaign is its emblem, designed by Erik Ellagard Frederiksen, Denmark's leading graphic artist. It gives the impression of two desperate staring eyes, the eyes of African and Asian refugees appealing for help, and it will be issued in the form of letterheads, car stickers and posters. Britain has adopted a vivid pink version of the original black-and-white design.

The launching ceremony for the entire European operation will take place in London on Monday, 24 October. It will be attended by Prince Bernhard and the UN High Commissioner for Refugees, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, as well as political and religious leaders from the participating nations. Prince Philip and Harold Wilson will also be present at the service of dedication in Westminster Abbey which follows.

During the course of the campaign, the 21 major refugee organisations which are represented on the British committee will arrange local events and collections. Nationwide interest in the scheme will be aroused by a special debate on refugees in the House of Lords and a television appearance by Prince Bernhard on the eve of the opening. Highlights of the week will be a ball in the Café Royal, organised by Lady Astor, a wine and fur auction at Vintner's and a Jewish Relief dinner at the Dorchester. And during the entire week the twin eyes will be watching, waiting and hoping.

Angela

THERE are far too many nannies about, that's what. It's getting so that the British Housewife can hardly buy a lettuce, shop for a vacuum cleaner, pick up the telephone or watch television without some interfering body tutting at her extravagance, worrying about her moral tone, or insisting that Nanny Knows Best.

This country is full of associations anxiously looking after my rights, and while it's very kind of them, I'm beginning to wish they'd treat me more as a reasonable adult and less like a wayward child who's only just mastered the fact that there are 12 pennies in a shilling. I'd like to be left in peace to lead my own life my own way, and if it's an improvident and extravagant way, then that's my business.

Caught

High in the Nanny Hicrarchy is Nanny Consumers' Association, who publishes the monthly magazine *Which?* Admittedly I don't have to subscribe to *Which?* and take its advice, but so strong is the climate of intellectual approval that surrounds it these days that if I go and buy a refrigerator without consulting it first I feel as though Nanny had caught me going to bed without cleaning my teeth. And, of course, *Which?* is well worth the money when it sticks to evaluating complicated electrical equipment and testing the efficiency of detergents. But it does sometimes descend, in my view anyway, to absurdity.

In a recent issue it devoted two pages to nail-varnish removers. And it came to the conclusion (if I understand its chart correctly, which I may well not have done) that the cheapest varnish remover was the best value for money. It is some years now since I worked that out for myself . . .

Then there is Nanny Michael Stewart, who wants me to write to him if I catch my greengrocer putting a penny on a pound of tomatoes. Well, I'm jolly well not going to, and Nanny Stewart can put that on his needles and knit it. If my greengrocer can afford to buy a villa in Majorca next year because I'd rather drop in on him than walk to the market 1½ miles away, then good luck to him. He is, after all, in the green-grocery trade to make money, and if he doesn't make money he'll have to close down. And And if he closes down I'll have walk to the market 1½ miles away, and I don't suppose Nanny Stewart will be prepared to foot my shoe bills.

Nanny Mary Whitehouse, Hon. General Secretary of the National Viewers' and Listeners' Association, wants to clean up television, so that my eyes and ears won't be affronted by rude words and violent actions. Well, I've just spent a solid week watching two channels on television, and I can't remember seeing a single thing that would have contributed towards a lowering of my moral tone. Three-quarters of the time I was near to barking-point with boredom, but then that's not what Nanny Whitehouse is on about.

Switch-off!

Anyway, I think people should be left to look after their moral tone for themselves. You don't have to keep the television switched on, after all; you don't even have to buy one. Complaining about something that can be eradicated by the turn of a switch seems to me as logical as spending a day at Billingsgate and being affronted because you heard Swear Words.

Most recent entrant to membership of the Nannies' Club is Nanny Durham Rural District Council's Housing Committee. They don't like the look of telegraph poles on a council estate, so they are planning to remove telephones from the council houses. They aren't actually removing the *telegraph poles*, because they haven't got any jurisdiction over them: as far as one can make out, they're taking away the telephones just to "show" the GPO. Some of the residents in the estate have moved there from London, where they had telephones, and a spokesman for the housing committee was quoted as saying "the fact that they had one in London does not give them the right to have one in Witton Gilbert."

Which, in a single sentence, sums up the whole irritating, complacent, smug, Nanny-knows-best, eat-up-your-nice-spinach-or-your-hair-won't-curl of today's Nanny State.

Extraordinary

I'm often amazed, when I look through glossy fashion magazines, at the life other people live, and the clothes they need to live it in. Some of those exotic, extraordinary, way-out clothes that are presented on the shiny pages have no connection at all with the kind of life I lead.

What do I do with a terrace dress without a terrace? Who has time to lounge in those pyjamas?

If I greet my dinner guests in a caftan, will they know it's a caftan, or will they think I haven't finished changing yet?

Of course, experienced fashion-magazine readers know that all these clothes are designed for specific occasions. They know that a well-rounded wardrobe needs, among other items: a dress to stand silhouetted against the Taj Mahal in; a dress to ride a camel in; a dress to stand surrounded by laughing French dockers in; a dress to walk through a shallow lake in; and a dress to run down the Champs Elysées at five in the morning.

But I've just come across a garment which I find it difficult to think of any use for whatsoever. It is a silver *lamé* boiler suit. After some thought I've come to the conclusion that the only possible occasion for which you'd put on a silver *lamé* boiler suit would be when you were planning to repair a solid silver boiler.

So *that's* how the other half lives.

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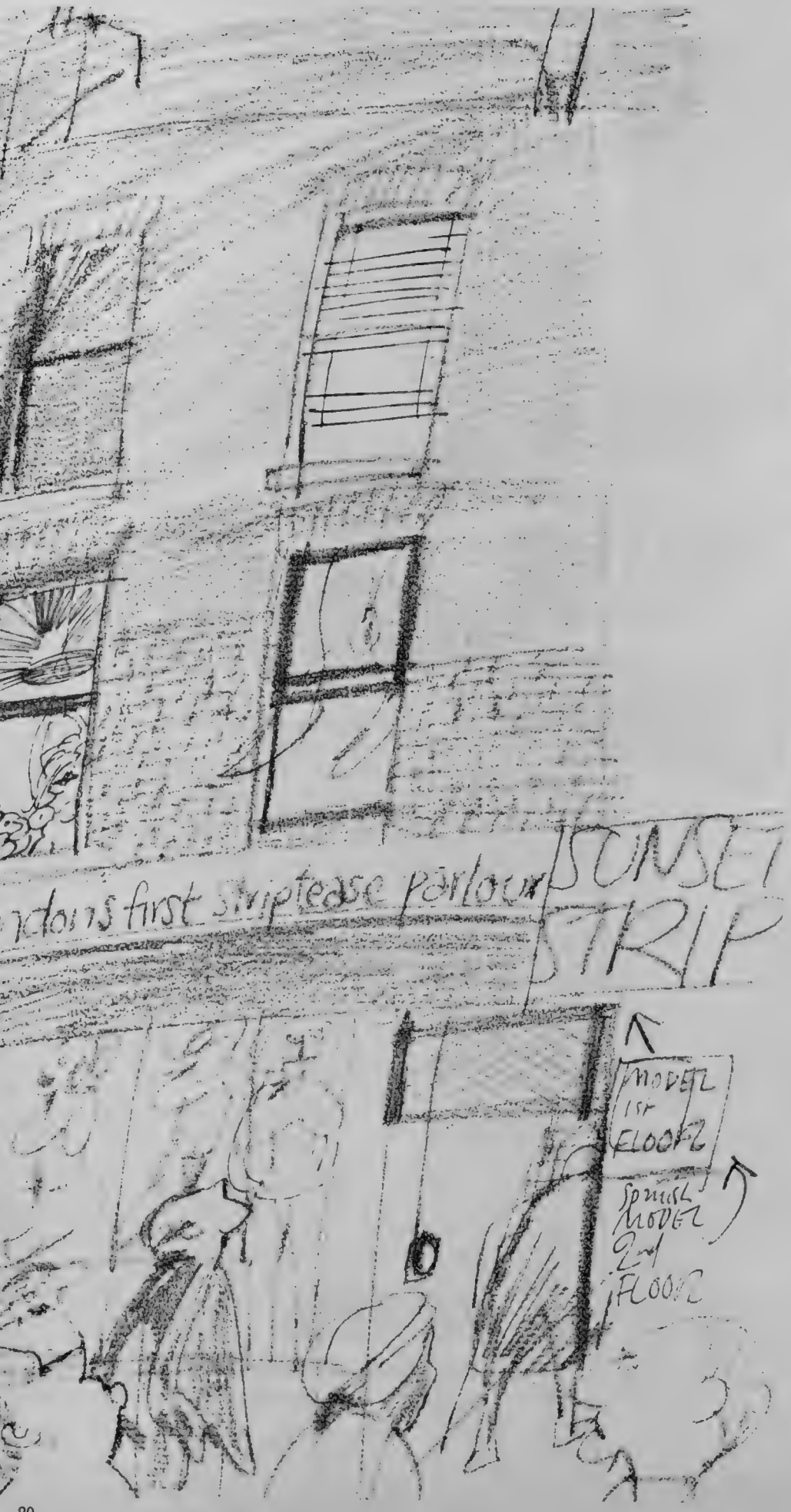
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE LL/1

ART-EYE OF LONDON



Street in Soho: familiar night-time scene, flashing signs for the strip clubs, people strolling.

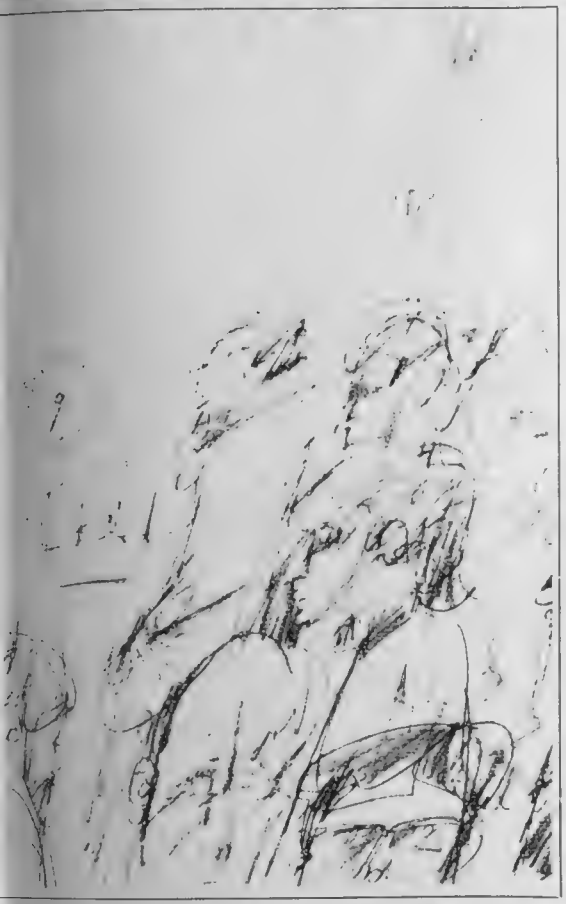
Victorian pub on the Isle of Dogs: Pride of the Isles, where young pop groups cater for the youngsters and visitors from the ships.

"Drawing is more to relax people

AT 48, Paul Hogarth is recognised as Britain's leading descriptive graphic artist. For a long time, however, he fought for survival in a world he could neither explain nor understand. After training as an artist, he left home at the age of 17, and "bummed around trying to earn a living in London." It was during these years – when he was everything from sailor to dishwasher – that he felt the need to express himself artistically. In the late 1940s he met Ronald Searle, and it was from him that he

BY PAUL HOGARTH, one of BRITAIN'S LEADING GRAPHIC ARTISTS

VIEW
LIFE AFTER DARK



Finch's in Goodge Street, on the fringe of Soho, a great meeting place for new arrivals in London.

A quick one between the races at Wembley Greyhound Stadium.

conversational than painting . . . it tends and make them less brittle"

acquired the sense of proportion and the driving discipline essential to the artist.

Recently he turned his attention back to London once again, and produced a series of impressions which are shortly to be published in his book *London à la Mode*, together with commentaries by Malcolm Muggeridge. *London Life* reproduces some of his night life sketches. Paul Hogarth discussed his peculiar approach to familiar scenes: "I always appraise scenes in relation to people. I capture the atmosphere through their eyes, and I have to sit in several different places before I can capture the mystique of a place. You have to have a switched-on awareness to different types of people. In my opinion this is something which a photographer cannot achieve because he is restricted by actuality.

"Drawing is much more conversational than photography. It tends to relax people and make them less brittle. I always make a lot of friends on my wanderings, except perhaps in gambling joints where I have to make myself unobtrusive. Even in strip joints people become benevolent somehow. It is far easier to feel an affinity with London this way."

Mr Hogarth calls himself a "reportorial draughtsman." His sketches tell a story in an almost literary way, and he compares his work to that of Gerald Scarfe in Vietnam. Two hundred years after his namesake William Hogarth produced his famous satirical sketches of vice in London, Paul Hogarth takes a similar look at the nocturnal London of today.

JAM TOMORROW

weekly

traffic service

There are a number of changes in the south of the river traffic pattern this week. **St James's Road**, SE1, is no longer closed and traffic can proceed as usual now the railway bridge has been repaired. South-westbound traffic is diverted in **Kennington Lane**, SE11, between **Cottington Street** and **Newington Butts**, because of resurfacing. Shuttle working applies in **Sydenham Hill**, SE26, due to reconstruction, while resurfacing of **St James's Drive**, SW17, has also made shuttle working necessary.

Some turns are banned at the **Clapham Road's** junction with **Lansdowne Way** because of resurfacing. The water main now being laid in **Jamaica Road**, SE16, at the junction with **Abbey Street**, is slowing traffic there.

There are traffic delays in **Albert Bridge Road**, between **Prince of Wales Drive** and **Cambridge Road**, because of resurfacing. Two roads are closed because of bridge reconstruction and all traffic diverted. They are **Tennison Road**, SE25, and **St John's Hill**, SW11. Northbound traffic is diverted in **Bedford Hill**, SW12, between **Ritherdon Road** and **Station Road**, due to sewer works, and resurfacing is causing traffic delays in **Lewisham High Street**.

In the City three roads have traffic delays, but these are outside the busiest hours of the day. Resurfacing is taking place in **Old Street**, **Great Eastern Street** and **High Street**, EC2, but only between 7 pm and 7 am.

A major scheme to ease severe congestion in the City takes another step forward now the Minister of Transport has made a £343,076 grant to the Corporation towards the cost of £476,185 for widening Upper Thames Street.

When the work is completed early next year the most immediate benefit will be felt by motorists approaching the City over Southwark Bridge. There will also be a new route by-passing the entrance to Cannon Street Station and the Bank junction.

FOR THE MAN WHO CREATED EVE... AN UGLY MOMENT

Tom Hustler is very beauty-conscious. But for one day during a party on board the Cross-Channel ferry *Dover* he tried to be as ugly as possible. As our picture shows he succeeded – but could manage only second place in an Ugliest Man competition.

The party was organised by Inter-Capita, a public relations and finance firm, in aid of the charity Action for Crippled Children. More than 300 guests paid 11 guineas for a weekend on board the chartered ferry, the price including a stay at a Boulogne hotel.

They danced to two groups, the Corsairs and the Ramrods. A small casino was set up and gambling was organised by the New Apron Strings Club. Michael Whittaker held a fashion show with designs by Mary Quant, Katja of Sweden, Frank Usher, Antonelli of Rome and John Michael.

Despite the revelry no one fell overboard. Said Hustler: "It's terribly difficult trying to look really ugly. I thought I did rather well."

Winner of the competition, judged by the sort of girls Hustler normally photographs, was Bryan Whittaker, chief public relations officer at the Hilton. For contorting his face and crawling on all fours, he won a huge, rainbow-coloured sun umbrella.

Picture by
John Benton Harris

Sidney Lumet is the American director whose film, *The Pawnbroker*, to be premiéred before an invited audience at the Odeon Haymarket, on 13 October, has been hailed as a masterpiece. Now he is to direct Streisand in *Funny Girl*. DAVID QUINLAN spoke to him at Twickenham Studios while he was putting the finishing touches to his next film, *The Deadly Affair*, in which a revolutionary new colour process will be unveiled.

Working it out: Director Sidney Lumet and camera operator Joe Coffey think about the angle for a scene in *The Pawnbroker*. Between them – Gale Lumet, "my beautiful wife."

Why the treadmill won't get me, by Streisand film director Sidney Lumet

SIDNEY LUMET, the man chosen to direct Barbra Streisand in the film version of *Funny Girl*, jack-knifed two packs of cards into one, and waxed enthusiastic over the new colour process he is using in *The Deadly Affair*. This is another of John Le Carré's investigations into the squalid side of spying, the technical work on which Lumet has just finished down at Twickenham studios.

By Christmas, this short, stocky, incisive 42-year-old American may well be one of the most sought-after directors in the world. Many times his work has been hailed in the Press – 12 *Angry Men*, *A View from the Bridge*, *The Hill* – but his films have too often failed to match critical acclaim with box-office success.

Now he has three films, just released, or ready – *The Deadly Affair*, *The Group*, and *The Pawnbroker*.

The Deadly Affair, which he has just completed, is something different for him – "I believe you should do a detective movie every one in four" – and, at the same time, takes a major step forward in the use of Technicolor in this type of movie.

Lumet sees himself and cameraman Freddie Young very much as pioneer explorers in the field. "Colour has got to come," he explains. "In two years, there will be no more black and white." Merely shooting in low-key colours, he thinks, is not the answer.

What he and Young have done in *The Deadly Affair* is to "pre-expose the stock," a technique, suggests Lumet, which utterly takes the glamour out of colour. And he could well be on a weird and wonderful winner. In a sneak preview he showed of a 10-minute rough cut from the film, the effect is of seeing, for a few brief instants, a black and white picture. Then one discerns the flesh tints about the faces, and gradually comes the realisation that the scene is actually completely in colour. There are no tricks. And it is undeniably different. Lumet declares that he "was almost willing to sacrifice the movie" in order to do it.

He was already experimenting with colour when he worked in American television about 10 years ago "when there was more freedom for a director than there is now." In a fade-out love scene in the snow, he took every colour out of the picture one by one. "The effect was beautiful. And no one has ever tried this in movies yet."

Though he will discuss *The Deadly Affair* and *The Group* with animated intensity there is little doubt that the film Lumet most carries a torch for at the moment is *The Pawnbroker*. He considers it the second best film he has ever made.

It is, says Lumet, an "astounding, staggering" film. "No one," he promises, "has ever seen anything like this before." The censor has passed the film uncut, leaving in such scenes as a coloured girl seducing a young white boy, and the pawnbroker (Rod Steiger) being forced to watch Nazi guards rape his wife in a wartime concentration camp.

The Pawnbroker was actually made in 1963. But at first, even in America, there were no takers. It took eight weeks to get it off the ground – "which is a long time over there" – before Lumet and his fellow film-makers got it a showing by the last-ditch expedient of hiring a cinema themselves. "It did average business at first. Then we started to get the returners (coming to see it again). And the thing was that they were young people. Not the sort of market we expected at all . . . Before we knew it, the film was running for 26 weeks at three New York cinemas."

Only when the American grossings soared did London finally, as it were, take up the option. Lumet reckons that one can never be sure of what is or is not going to cash in at the movie tills, doesn't believe in the principle of doing one commercial, perhaps mediocre, film in order to get money to make the kind of films he likes. "Perhaps that one won't do so well," he says, "so you do another 'commercial' one, and that isn't a success either. Then you're on the treadmill."

The keynote of his work, he believes, has always been realism of an intense, confined, unavoidable kind – combined with endings of great emotional impact – which he hopes he has achieved with both *The Pawnbroker* and *The Deadly Affair*. He loves working on location in big cities, has made seven films in New York, and films in and around London "because this is the way I like to live."

He has never been to Hollywood, but will have to break that sequence to make *Funny Girl*; 60 per cent of the film will be shot in the studio, the remainder on location in his beloved New York. It will take 20 weeks to complete, 11 weeks more than Lumet has ever given a film. "I work at my best under pressure," he comments. "I just like to get as much done in a day as possible."

Happier days in his native Poland for Rod Steiger as *The Pawnbroker*. Later, embittered by concentration-camp experiences, Steiger runs his New York pawnshop as the front for a narcotics racket.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD ... WITH JULIE CHRISTIE

LIFE can be difficult when you're an Academy Award-winning star, even such a modest and unassuming one as the delightful-but-dedicated Julie Christie, the same golden-haired Miss Christie who willingly turned out long before breakfast, in the wee small hours of a chilly autumn morning, in fact, for an hour-long photographic session with *London Life* cameraman John Kelly, on a deserted beach near the set of her latest film, *Far From the Madding Crowd*. Twenty-four hours

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'One of and is not

Continued from page 24

earlier a crew of French photographers had descended on Miss Christie, she told Kelly, and demanded that she give them immediate priority over everything and everybody (including her film company). "Because I insisted that my part in the film came first," related a sad Julie, "they left after 10 minutes and flew back to Paris – even though I told them I would gladly give them as much of my time after work as I could. How can I please everybody," she sighed. "Now I suppose I will be called difficult."

Kelly reports that after spending two days with a unit which he describes as "relaxed and tremendously cooperative," it would be hard to imagine any big star with less of the prima donna's make-up about her than Julie Christie. When he congratulated her on her success and her awards (including an Oscar for *Darling* . . .) and asked about the film she recently completed in America (*Fahrenheit 451*), Julie preferred to answer that the public must judge her on the film she was working on at that moment, not on the past. She is very thrilled by what has happened to her, but, at the same time, very much a believer in the maxim that a star is only as good as her last film.

Emotions

Half an hour after the photographic session, Julie was back at work as Bathsheba, the beautiful young woman farmer whose conflicting moods and emotions are the centrepiece of Hardy's strong, earthy story of West Country life. To those who know the work of both author and actress, it is inspired casting that leaves only a feeling of impatience that the finished work will not be seen until spring of next year.

Hardy's work concentrates on the principle of sex as life's mainspring, and its influence on the workings of fate, particularly as they affect women. He created women in a classic mould, women who intertwined the destinies of their

the few stars I've met who has no pretensions temperamental: she'll hold her stardom'

Finch the hell-raiser . . . has given way to Finch the family man. On the set, he's happy with daughter Anita (they're pictured above). She's been told she has a beautiful face. On the page opposite: the tranquil profile of Julie Christie, pictured in the first light of dawn.

men, leaving some of them with a lasting love, others with a lasting regret or torment.

To the casual onlooker, Julie Christie – although she would probably dismiss her previous parts as quite different from her present one – would seem to be ideally prepared for Bathsheba by her roles in *Young Cassidy* and *Doctor Zhivago*. In both of these she played women who were victims of their own fatal charms and carnal attraction to men, yet who were to leave an indelible imprint on the film's central characters.

In *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Miss Christie herself is the central character, and the imprint of her personality is left on Peter Finch, Alan Bates and Terence Stamp, who play the three men in her life.

Julie's day begins at 6 am. It may not end until 7 pm or later, for both she and her director, John Schlesinger, are dedicated to perfection. The end of the day finds her physically and mentally exhausted by her own response to the challenge of such a demanding role. Usually she will go home to a drink and then 10 hours' sleep.

"Once I start a film," she says, "I have to put everything into it. Unless I do, I can't make a success of it." Obviously, this is very much her wish for the present film, after working with Schlesinger on *Darling*. . . . When not actually shooting, she will hole up in the little caravan which she has near the set. Here, behind closed curtains that give her the privacy she so desires for mental isolation, she will relax or study her part.

When Kelly visited Miss Christie he found her somewhat depressed for the present, knowing that she has to stay in and around Weymouth until January, not the warmest of locations in winter. But, although she is not inclined to talk about her private life, or her romance with Don Bessant, she did tell him how she was looking forward to moving out of her hotel room and renting her own country cottage, with which she hopes to expand her social life.

Professional

Finch describes Julie as "one of the nicest people I have ever worked with." Julie, he says, is an "absolute professional and a great girl – one of the few people I've met who has no pretensions and who is not temperamental. To my mind, there is no doubt that she will hold her stardom."

Julie returned the compliment to her co-star. "Isn't he incredibly handsome," she exclaimed. "I think a lot of Weymouth people think so, too." Acting-wise, one gets the impression that she looks up to Finch as someone who could teach her a lot about acting. She thinks he is a "tremendous actor," finds working with him an immensely stimulating experience.

One of the happiest aspects of the production, Kelly found, was in seeing the pleasure that Finch derived from the company of his 16-year-old daughter Anita, who was visiting him while on holiday from the Lycee. She is a very serious, intelligent girl, although neither she nor her father have quite made up their minds about what she should do in life. A French photographer recently told her that she had a remarkably beautiful face. But a watchful father declared that he doesn't want Anita to be a model.

Finch had been very ill with hepatitis shortly before taking on the role of William Boldwood, the wealthy farmer whose adoration for Bathsheba outstays his every other passion. Now his acting career is in full flow again, although he must take care of himself, and is allowed to drink nothing stronger than lager for the next six months.

No grumbles

Both Finch and Julie are confirmed Schlesinger admirers. For his part, Schlesinger works his actors hard, but seldom hears a grumble. When Kelly watched him at work he thought him "unlike most directors I have seen." He does not shout, nor bawl out anyone, be they extra or star, for doing anything wrong. He simply has a knack of quietly but firmly re-creating those scenes in which he thinks anything has gone astray. He stands alongside chief cameraman Nick Roeg watching intently how Roeg and Miss Christie go through every move, all the time fumbling at the light meter which hangs around his neck. He must finish his film in five months, on a budget of just under £1,000,000, and he intends to do it.

Before shooting started, Schlesinger, together with production manager Richard MacDonald, travelled hundreds of miles over Hardy country, scouring Dorset and its surrounds for the cottages, pubs, barns, heathland and country lanes that would give him the realism he wanted.

For Bathsheba's house, the director lighted on Bloxworth House, a derelict Jacobean mansion, whose interior was quickly filled with the trappings and colour that transported it back in time 100 years with a speed that H G Wells would have thought possible only with his time machine. No expense has been spared in adapting other existing buildings.

Peasants

To add to realism, Schlesinger engaged a large supporting cast of character actors, many of them from the West Country and previously not seen on the screen, to play the Dorset peasants whom Hardy's words painted so vividly. In addition, there are over 700 extras – most of them local people. "These are real people, and real characters," Schlesinger comments. "They couldn't be more natural in the parts." And Hardy himself, he believes, is "a natural" for the cinema, although the only previous attempt to put him on film was a silent version of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Every day, after work, as the stars sink gratefully into their pillows, or study their parts under the midnight oil, Schlesinger and his crew can be seen dashing to Weymouth in their cars. Their destination: a large, Victorian-fronted hotel, where, night after night, they watch the rushes of the day's shooting, discuss how things are going, and work out suggestions for future progress.

In many of them, they watch the boy who has become very much the darling of the unit, 10¾-year-old Peter Stone, who is having his very first taste of acting. His face, which would land him the part of Oliver Twist any day of the week, attracted the eagle eyes of a Schlesinger scout who saw young Peter in the gymnasium of a Weymouth boarding-school. Peter, son of a local farmer, was tested for the *Madding Crowd* part, and got in on the spot. He likes

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'Totally unspoilt by the fuss over her'

Continued from page 27

Freddie and the Dreamers and doesn't mind "a bit of ballet" either. It's rather nice to hear that his favourite film stars are Peter Finch and Julie Christie, and interesting to witness his determination to make a career for himself somewhere in the film world, no matter which side of the camera it is on.

He keeps up with all the latest trends in everything, which is more than Julie Christie has time to do. One of her first questions to Kelly was what the latest fashion news was in London. She says that she spends so much time on her work that she has virtually no chance at all to see any newspapers or magazines. She is very fashion-conscious, although she does not dress in ultra-mod gear and could not be called flashy in any way. When she turned out for her early-morning photographic session with *London Life*, she wore a simple schoolgirl-type blouse and plain skirt. In fact, although she longs for more social life, she strikes one immediately as just a pleasant, country girl.

"I don't do this for everybody," she joked with Kelly, while dashing around for him on the edge of a sea just beginning to have its waves turned silver by the first glimpse of the sun over the horizon. "You're very lucky." She does, in fact, feel strongly about photography, and is really satisfied with very few creative pictures that have been taken of her.

Kelly's concluding impression was that "she seems to me totally unspoiled by the whole fuss made over her in the past year."

Peace in Dorset greenery: left, old hand Peter Finch and new boy Peter Stone. Right: the pair with Julie, during an off-set moment in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

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If your dog turns you out of your bed . . .

Five million dogs, four million cats and nearly three million budgies eat over £40,000,000 of pet foods a year in Britain. The figures are rising. There is also an ever increasing number of pet shops, organisations and services connected with the health, purchase and welfare of pets. SHEILA FITZJONES looks at some that can help London pet owners.

A YOUNG married couple bought a St Bernard puppy and allowed it to sleep on their bed. Gradually the puppy grew and when it reached its mature weight of 14 stone, they found that there was no longer room for the three of them in the same bed. So the husband built a comfortable chalet in the garden for the dog, but the dog refused to sleep in it. And when the husband found that he himself was sleeping outside in the chalet, they thought it about time to seek some help!

Mr Pettit, the supervisor at the **CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE'S** kennels at **Bushey Heath, Herts (WA2 1640)**, runs an advisory service for dog owners to help sort out problems like this couple's – a sort of dog therapy clinic – "though it's usually the owners that need the treatment, not the dogs," he says. The service is free and he is pleased to see anyone with their pets . . . to help sort out problems like why the dog is nervous, won't mix with other dogs, bites, fights, won't eat, and so on.

They also run a home-finding scheme and will advise prospective buyers on what sort of breed of dog would be right for their particular personalities and home environments. They have well-equipped boarding kennels here and charge 7s a day for any breed of dog – irrespective of size.

The head office of the Canine Defence League is at **10 Seymour Street, W1 (WEL 5511)**, and one amenity operated from here is a dog-sitting service.

THE KENNEL CLUB, 1 Clarges Street, W1 (HYD 6651), keeps lists of recommended dog breeders and will advise you about which one to go to if you are interested in buying a pedigree dog. They are not a general advisory bureau on dogs – as many people think – but they will advise the public about dog shows and names of societies. They will also pass on the name of a judge who can be consulted if you are interested in entering your dog for a show and want to know if it is up to scratch.

The same sort of service for cat owners is run by **THE GOVERNING COUNCIL OF CAT FANCY.** At the moment they have no registered offices, but **Mrs E G Aitken, Bourneside, Kingswood Lane, Hindhead, Surrey (Hindhead 833)**, who is one of the registrars, will give advice about where to buy pedigree cats and recommend good boarding kennels (or catteries) should you be forced to leave your pet for a while.

There are over 400 pet shops in London which are recognised by the trade (as opposed to people selling odd cats and dogs in their back rooms). One of the best, of course, is **HARRODS PET DEPARTMENT**, where you can buy anything from a poodle to a mountain yak – any type of bird, fish or animal, in fact, as long as it hasn't got to be kept in a reserve. Their pet-buyer, Mr R Hazle, is willing to spend time with customers giving advice, and dealing with inquiries from people who already have pets. They also have a gourmet food department, with such delicacies as live mealworms, and live fleas for tropical fish; and sluis, which is an insect that tropical birds regard as caviare!

REGENT PET STORES (Palmers), 35 Parkway, NW1 (GUL 5163), is another excellent pet shop and they specialise in all types of unusual animals and fish. Mr Palmer, who has been running the shop for 30 years, is very helpful with advice.

Dog-training classes are held weekly by **THE HAMPSTEAD AND DISTRICT CANINE CLUB (Chairman: Miss Herwald, Manor Cottage, Vale of Health, NW3. HAM 6303).** There are classes in obedience, and these are held on Thursday evenings at St Peter's Church Hall, Belsize Square. The first class, at 8 pm, is for beginners, and dogs are taught to walk in the street properly, to sit when told, and to come to heel on command. Classes in more advanced training start at 9.15 pm (after a tea break), and here the dogs are allowed off their leads and are trained in retrieving, sitting in one place till they are recalled, and so on. Membership to the club costs 22s 6d a year and training classes cost 3s a session.

THE GOLDEN DOG MODEL AGENCY, 103 Kings Road, SW3 (FLA 8665), is the place to go to if you think your dog – or cat – is worthy of being filmed or used for fashion photography. They can earn you about 10 to 15 guineas if they are hired for a day's filming, or four guineas an hour if they are used for still photography. The agency takes 20 per cent. commission.

THE CANINE AND LIVESTOCK INSURANCE ASSOCIATION LTD, Calia House, 24-26 Spring Street, W2 (PAD 7217), run a sort of national health scheme for dog owners. For an annual premium of 32s 6d you can cover your dog for veterinary fees up to £30 for illness and accident, and up to £30 to cover advertising and reward fees should your pet be lost or stolen. The premium for cats is £2 5s a year.

INDIAN FOLK MUSICIANS AT THE ALBERT HALL

With George Harrison voluntarily exiled in Bombay learning to play the sitar, and the general Indian flavour of some of the *Revolver* numbers, there is a sudden curiosity about Indian music. Enthusiasts now have the opportunity of sampling the genuine folk tradition when the Festival of Light and Folk Music of India comes to England this month.

The object of the Festival will be to raise funds for the Nehru Memorial Trust, of which Earl Mountbatten is chairman. The Trust was created to provide scholarships in this country for Indian graduates, and finance an annual lecture at Cambridge.

The troupe of performers, led by Birendra Shankar, nephew of Ravi Shonka the celebrated sitar player, is made up of four singers – three men and one woman – and three instrumentalists. The singers include Niramalendu Chowdhury, one of India's most celebrated folk singers, who has appeared in a number of international festivals, and among the instrumentalists is Pyara Singh, who plays on such exotic instruments as the eoraj, the tarsanai and the dilruba, all stringed instruments played with the bow. The highlight of the programme will be a selection of Bengal and Punjabi love ballads.

The troupe has already made one appearance at the Royal Albert Hall and another is happening on Monday. For many people this will be the first introduction to the rich and sometimes baleful folk music of India. For Beatle fans it is a must, since their forthcoming records might have such otherwise incomprehensible names as "Heer-Ranjha," "Kafi" or "Baul."

Festival of Light and Folk Music of India, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 pm, 17 October.

SARAH DRUMMOND

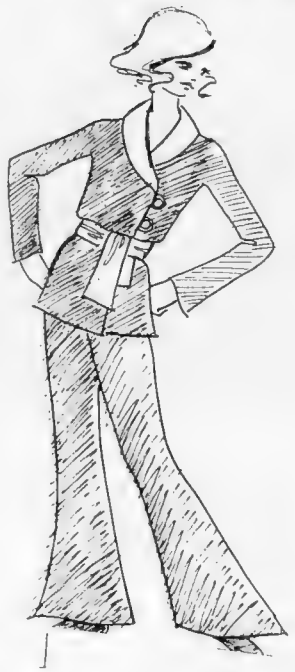
TALKING FASHION

GERALD McCANN'S first range of men's wear is on sale at Simpson's Trend Shop, Austin Reed's Cue Shop, Sportique and at Emmerton and Lambert (243a King's Road), who are branching out from a mere stall at the Chelsea Antique Market, where they specialised in old clothes, to having a whole room of their own.

McCann suits start at 22 guineas, short coats 19 guineas, long (almost ankle length) top coats 22 guineas, trousers 5 to 6½ guineas. He goes in for Victorian details, and lots of welting, uses tweeds and face cloth. Mr McCann says that even the most *avant-garde* men's shops are conventional when it comes to taking colours. ("They all want grey in the end.") Nevertheless, he is unshakeable in his conviction that colour is in for men.

He is now working on designs for tie rings: these are to slot a too-wide-to-tie tie through – you slide the ring up towards your neck to replace the (outmoded?) knot.

A short while ago, Michael Rainey woke up one morning and decided that his shop, Hung on You, was to have a new image. He was sick of art nouveau, *felt it was a played-out card and weary with nostalgia. He wanted to be more adventurous, make essentially 20th-century clothes, and one jump ahead at that. He's looking towards China and is selling what he calls "idealogical clothes, almost a uniform . . . it's the Mao look." Mandarin collars are, naturally, a feature, and the materials are exotic ones, embroidered and quilted. Which led me to suppose that this is evening wear, but Michael Rainey is not a believer of splitting one's wardrobe into am and pm. In tune with the 20th century, the shop is now brightly decorated with its name painted in huge multi-coloured sloping letters across the window.*



Smoking suits have been feminised by the Yellow Room, 42 Elizabeth Street, SW1 (SLO 2607). They are in floppy satin, have long jackets and curved lapels, big cuffs and wide trousers. The belt is in the same contrasting colour as the lapels – plum brown with apricot, shocking pink with grey, for instance. They cost only 7½ guineas, and look stunning.

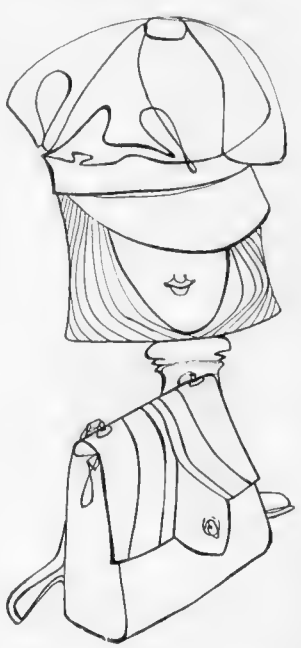
Hecate Designs, the young fashion suede designers, are introducing a new do-it-yourself movement into their bags and hats. Shops that are stocked with Hecate designs that suit their clothing are also equipped with colour swatches and design drawings (see foot of column 4), enabling customers to choose matching suede accessories on the spot. (Colours change and are added to monthly: it seems customers are currently favouring richer and deeper shades and sharper contrasts.) The new bag and hat are ordered and they are ready at the shop 48 hours later. Shops operating the Hecate scheme include Annacat, Tony Armstrong, Vanessa Frye, the Funny Girl Postal Boutique (18-21 Charterhouse Square, EC1) and Bazaar (hats only).

The dreary thing about having one's hair done is sitting under the dryer and feeling like a boiled turkey . . . Mark Ramon, at 83 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W1 (MAY 1271), has done away with hood dryers altogether in his salon, and dries hair on hand dryers with a brush attachment; at the next stage, when the hair is more dry than wet, he sets it on Carmen curlers – unless you want a straighter head of hair, in which case he continues with the hot brush method. A shampoo and set costs a guinea, and a comb-out costs 15s 6d. And it probably takes no longer than 35 minutes.

Following on her successful shoe range, Cathy McGowan has now designed bags – handbags and travel bags – which are being sold by Salisburys Handbags Ltd (528, 261 and 68 Oxford Street, W1): they are called the Cathy McGowan Go-Gear range. Cathy believes that handbags should never be merely fashion accessories but a vital part of a girl's total look, and says "Today's girl should look sleek and uncluttered and that means a completely new shape for her bag." There is a roomy zipped Gladstone weekend bag in vinyl, Italian striped cloth or black corduroy; a mini-Gladstone, in black vinyl only, for overnight; and good-sized denim cases – for everyday luggage – and plenty of handbags in hide and patent leather. The price range is from 29s 11d to 6 guineas.

The handwoven tweeds made on this Island of Bute, under the name "Isle of Bute Industries Ltd," were until recently of a very traditional sort. Now, under the name of Bute Looms Ltd, with the Marquess of Bute as chairman, a very talented group of people are designing, making and selling these marvellous handwoven fabrics. They are all designed by Martin Hardingham, head of the weaving school at the Royal College of Art, and his American wife Susan.

One of Mattli's prettiest coats was in a Bute tweed; Maggi Shepherd has designed several coats and suits in Bute Looms materials, and Colin Edward has done a special collection, exclusive to Lillywhites, using the tweeds. And looking ahead, these two designers, as well as Tony Armstrong and Hylan Booker, have all ordered materials from the Bute Looms spring range. The Bute materials are on sale by the yard at Liberty, Harrods, Hunt and Winterbotham, Peter Jones, Bourne and Hollingsworth, Allans, Army and Navy Stores, and Civil Service Stores.



Tri-colour Hecate suede hat (about £4 10s) and matching bag (about £5 10).

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN DAKS

The classic English Look has been up-dated for autumn by Daks and here we have featured leading actresses, top models, leading sportswomen and top personalities who have all chosen suits and skirts with matching sweaters and shirts from the new perfectly partnered Daks Companion range.

Candy Seymour-Smith (left), wearing a claret, charcoal and camel 'Gunclub' skirt, with a matching camel sweater. Candy is engaged to Sandy Dick-Cleland, who is starting a discothèque, bar and boutique in Malta, where they will live.

Mrs Hanbury-Williams (above) lives in Cheshire, and her husband is a stockbroker in Manchester. They have three sons between the ages of five and nine. Mrs Hanbury-Williams wears a carnation red wool and angora glen check skirt with a matching lambswool sweater.

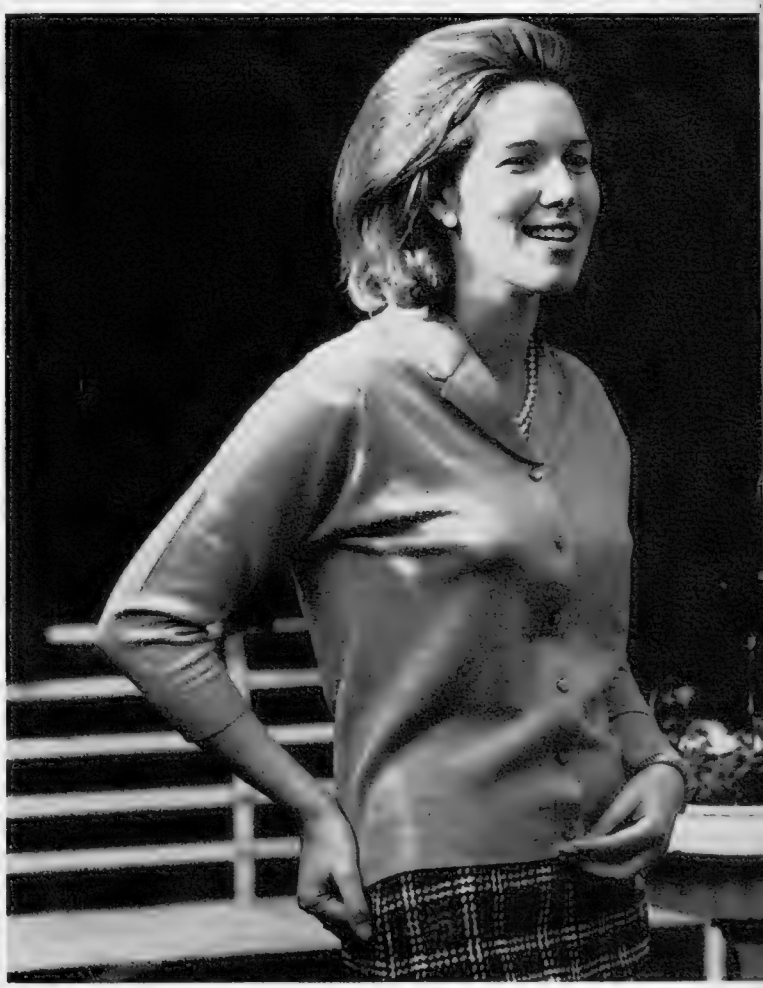
WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN DAKS

Virginia McKenna (left), in a rust, camel and charcoal-grey check skirt, which she wears with a matching camelhair jersey. Virginia McKenna is Mrs Bill Travers in private life, and they have three children. They both starred recently in *Born Free*.

Lady Charlotte-Ann Curzon (above), the top debutante of this season, photographed in the patio of her family's Mayfair mews house, wearing a classic tapered Shetland skirt in lovat and russet to Tattersall checks, with a matching Shetland sweater.

Princess Yuri Galitzine (left), wearing a Regency green charcoal-check 'Gunclub' suit, which has a straight-cut jacket, with a sweater of matching pure camelhair. Princess Galitzine's husband is of Russian origin, and has his own public relations firm, for which Princess Galitzine works.

Barbara Goalen (right), who dominated the model world for so long, now lives in Chester Square. She is the wife of Lloyd's underwriter Nigel Campbell. Here she is wearing a heather-brown Harris tweed skirt and matching hand-framed cardigan.



Sandra Paul (left), one of Britain's top models, and wife of David Wynne-Morgan, *London Life* columnist, wearing a Scottish "Shadow Mist" tweed skirt with a specially toned silk shirt.

Mrs Peregrine Fairfax (above), has a home in the north of England where her husband farms, and a house in London. They have one son, who was born last May. Mrs Fairfax is wearing a Devonshire tweed skirt, and specially toned lambswool cardigan.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN DAKS

Tonia Bern (right), wife of speed record-holder Donald Campbell sets off at the end of the month to star in cabaret in one of the leading Las Vegas hotels. Here she wears a lightweight pale grey wool shirt and skirt.

Sheila Scott (above), who recently set up a new round-the-world flying record and is now working on a book about her trip. Here she wears a Shetland lovat 'Gunclub' check suit.

Marion Coakes (right), ladies' world show-jumping champion at only 19, photographed with Stroller, her 12-year-old partner. She is wearing a light grey herringbone hacking suit.

Are you fit to live in London?

The rigours of town life are considerable. In the face of ROGER BAKER'S latest quiz, can you honestly say you face up to them properly?

1.
Your right leg is in plaster because:
(a) you had a silly accident in St Moritz
(b) you fell off your bicycle
(c) you were doing this Charleston in Sibylla's, and . . .

2.
Do you regard that streaming cold as:
(a) something you always get at this time of year
(b) something to ignore and continue bravely about your daily task
(c) something that causes you to hide resolutely away from all forms of society until it's over

3.
When you embark on the RCAF sequence of exercises, do you:
(a) tell everyone and keep them daily informed
(b) tell no one, and trust that someone will notice the missing half-inch sooner or later
(c) feel exhausted by the time you reach press-ups, and give in

4.
Is your general view:
(a) I'm an endomorph, and that's that
(b) Of course, if you've got got *that* kind of money, *anyone* can be beautiful
(c) I owe it to my dressmaker/tailor, husband/wife/public/boss to keep myself slim

5.
Where would you rather spend the first two weeks of October:
(a) cruising on the ss *France*
(b) at Tring
(c) at home, organising your autumn schedule

6.
Do you regard the approach of winter:
(a) with relief because you can wear stylish, but bulky, clothes
(b) with regret because those stylish, but bulky, clothes will hide that arrow-like waist
(c) with joy because of those bracing walks and crisp afternoons

7.
During a top-level conference, the man next to you suddenly slumps across the table, arms outstretched, his right fist clutching the agenda. Do you:
(a) lay him down, loosen his collar, send for a doctor
(b) ignore the whole thing
(c) feel a completely shameful and quickly smothered twinge of pleasure

8.
Your office is on the fourth floor. Do you:
(a) always use the lift, like the other executives
(b) race madly up the stairs to arrive breathless, but having beaten the lift
(c) walk briskly up the stairs, in no particular hurry

9.
A loved one appears to be drowning off Cap Ferrat. Would you:
(a) swim out and initiate the rescue
(b) call frantically for the lifeguard
(c) miss the signals because you are sleeping in the sun

10.
Does your bathroom cabinet contain:
(a) Alka-Seltzer, aspirin and a box of sticking plasters
(b) nothing medical
(c) a great many bottles of mixtures and pills, some dating from the time when Gavin pulled a muscle in 1961

11.
Is your doctor:
(a) someone you see in his surgery with great regularity
(b) a friend who occasionally comes in for coffee after dinner
(c) someone whose name you can never quite remember and whom you only see on rare occasions (like a medical before marriage or an injection before travelling)

12.
Have you ever done any of the following things. Tick them off:
(a) cast a clout before May be out; (b) walked to work; (c) refused a third brandy; (d) sent a chipped glass back; (e) got excited about health foods; (f) had your face altered; (g) used a nasal spray in public; (h) used an artificial tan (i) shown the Press your operation scar ; (j) bought a rowing machine for your home.

HOW TO SCORE:

1. (a) 0 (b) 5 (c) 3
2. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) 5
3. (a) 0 (b) 5 (c) 3
4. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 4
5. (a) 5 (b) 4 (c) 0
6. (a) 4 (b) 0 (c) 5
7. (a) 3 (b) 4 (c) 5
8. (a) 4 (b) 0 (c) 5
9. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) 4
10. (a) 4 (b) 5 (c) 0
11. (a) 0 (b) 5 (c) 4
12. Add one mark for each of the first five ticked; deduct one mark for each of the second five ticked

---

HOW YOU RATE:

There are two kinds of satisfactory London Lifer here: the first is fit, trim, healthy, a good sportsman. But he doesn't boast about it, or do anything obviously. He will score the highest marks (50–60). The second kind has no interest in keeping tip-top fit, he is relaxed about it, makes the odd gesture to reduce his waist occasionally but without any real determination (35–50). Neither type ever allow illness of any kind, or if they do, they keep quiet about it. Low marks (below 35) go to the boring hypochondriac, the over-careful, the pill-taker.

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You'll find at least one of our four restaurants open at any time of the day or night, but because each one has its own individuality, you may like to take note of the hours of opening.

The Maze Coffee House
Light snacks, wine list, informal atmosphere. ALWAYS OPEN.

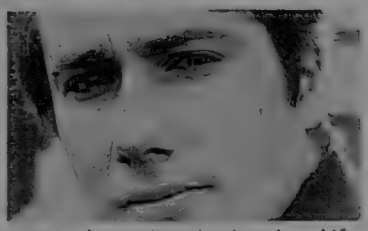
The Bulldog Bar and Chophouse
Draught beer and charcoal grill.
Cold Buffet 12 *p.m.*—3 *p.m.*
Charcoal Grill.
12.30 *p.m.*—3 *p.m.*;
6.30 *p.m.*—11 *p.m.*
Closed Sundays.

The Garden Room Restaurant
Extensive menu and wine list 12.30 *p.m.*—3 *p.m.*; 6.30 *p.m.*—11 *p.m.*

The Royal Roof Restaurant
International cuisine and soft music in a sophisticated setting.
Luncheon 12.30 *p.m.*—3 *p.m. Monday to Friday.*
Cocktails 6.30 *p.m.*
Dinner and Dancing 7.30 *p.m.*—1 *a.m.*
Closed Sundays.

All at Oddenino's
Royal Garden Hotel
Kensington High Street, W.8. WES 8000

IT'S TIME FOR A SINGLE ELVIS



Every week Rick Dane, 22, and fast becoming one of Britain's top young disc-jockeys – he comperes three shows daily on Radio Caroline – writes in *London Life*

Elvis Presley – All That I Am (RCA). Another Presley release from his latest film-track and sounding as if it were made in Cinemascope and Technicolor. One of these days Elvis will cut a single and live up to his title The King, but until then it's the same old corny factory product. However, the record has tremendous appeal due to Presley's enormous talent. The Spanish guitar intro breaks into a soft cha-cha beat blending with the vocal, which is typically Elvis at his romantic best.

The Cream – Wrapping Paper (Reaction). Eagerly awaited first disc from a talented threesome who already have a great following with the hippy set. The record's a surprise as it's totally different from the rave sounds we have come to expect from The Cream and is rather like an Hawaiian Loving Spoonful. An unusual soft vocal from Jack Bruce and some knock-out guitar work from Eric Clapton, who makes the guitar an expressive and beautiful piece of equipment. The Cream's first record is a commercial sound which will not only be appreciated by their club followers but will also have a far wider appeal.

Cilla Black – A Fool Am I (Parlophone). Cilla at her ballad best, showing how much her vocal sound has improved with the last few releases. Taking an Italian original, *Dimmelo Parlami*, it has a tremendous arrangement from Beatles-man George Martin and his orchestra. The slow, almost classical introduction builds up gradually into a crescendo, which is portrayed with great emotion by Cilla. This is not just another love ballad, despite the sloppy lyrics; it is the strongest Cilla has done for some time. The flip is Lennon and McCartney's *For No One* taken from the *Revolver* LP. A double fire hit.

ALBUM SPOTLIGHT: Jerry Lee Lewis – Memphis Beat *(Philips)*. Memphis Beat *will surely rate as one of the best Jerry Lee Lewis albums. A must for all Rock 'n' Roll people and will bring back many memories of the Rock happenings of the early 'fifties.* Memphis Beat – *the title track – is also the new Lewis single and the most exciting sound on the album. The best way to understand the* Memphis Beat *is to listen to the way Jerry Lee Lewis handles it – fast, light and full of life. Mostly Rock but combining the lively vitality of the old Riverboat Shuffle and a mixture of Gospel Blues. My favourite tracks are* Big Boss Man, *and an up-dating the oldie,* Just Because.

DISCOTHEQUE TEN

1 *Sunny – Bobby Hebb.*
2 *I'm A Boy – The Who.*
3 *You Can't Hurry Love – The Supremes.*
4 *Land Of 1,000 Dances – Wilson Pickett.*
5 *I Can't Turn You Loose Otis Redding.*
6 *How Sweet It Is – Junior Walker and The Golden All-Stars.*
7 *Reach Out I'll Be There Four Tops.*
8 *Secret Love – Billy Stewart*
9 *Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing In The Shadow? – Rolling Stones.*
10 *Scratch – Robert Parker.*

Haig in every -LOCAL -HOME -HOTEL

STEWED DRIED FRUITS
Prunes, Figs and other dried Fruits taste twice as good when you mix in a tablespoon of HAIG at the cooling stage. You'll love the added delicious flavour.

Don't be vague- ask for Haig

40 oz., the Bottle, ½ Flask, ¼ Flask, 3⅓ oz. and Miniature sizes. Obtainable everywhere . . . at your 'Local', Off Licences, in Hotels and Wine and Spirit Stores

BRIDES OF THE WEEK

Picture by Portman Press Bureau Limited

Above: Miss Angela Mary Grubb, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs E G Grubb of Pinner, Middlesex, was married to Mr Michael A S Tuttle, only son of Mr and Mrs H A Tuttle of Woodford, Essex, at St Clement Dane's Church, Strand.

Picture by Portman Press Bureau Limited

Above: Miss Christine Tuckett, daughter of Mr and Mrs P D Tuckett of Ludbrook, Buckland Monachorum, South Devon, was married to Mr Richard De La Bere Granville, son of Mr and Mrs R St L Granville of Vineyards, Welwyn, Herts, at St James's, Spanish Place, W1.

Picture by Portman Press Bureau Limited

Above: Miss Maya Whittall, daughter of Dr and Mrs G W Whittall of Park Road, NW8, was married to Mr Michael Donelan, son of the late Dr and Mrs C J Donelan of Little Common, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, at Farm Street Church, W1. The couple are spending their honeymoon in the South of Spain, and will live in London on their return.

Above: Miss Claire Roberts, daughter of Mr and Mrs C Roberts of Ilchester, Somerset, was married to Mr David Griffith, son of Mr and Mrs Hugh Griffith of Newcastle, at St Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon in the Caribbean.

Picture by Portman Press Bureau

Above: Miss Mary Salusbury-Trelawny, daughter of Mr and Mrs J R D Salusbury-Trelawny of The Roystons, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex, was married to Mr Proctor Naylor of Queens Gate Terrace, SW7, at Her Majesty's Chapel in the Tower of London.

Below: Miss Sandra Savage, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Savage of Gloucester Terrace, W2, was married to Mr R Todd, elder son of Mr and Mrs Charles Todd of Bourne Street, SW1, at St Michael's, Chester Square. The couple are honeymooning in Spain and will live in Maida Vale on their return.

Picture by Belgrave Press Bureau

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 20 OCTOBER

Gala première of *This Property is Condemned*, with Natalie Wood and Robert Redford. Sponsored by Variety Club of Great Britain. Plaza.

Film: Première of *What did you do in the War, Daddy?* starring James Coburn. Leicester Square Theatre.

TUESDAY 25 OCTOBER

Exhibition: Royal Dairy Show. Olympia (until 28th).

SUNDAY 30 OCTOBER

Concert: First professional performance of biggest symphony ever written – *The Gothic Symphony* by Havergal Brian. BBC Symphony Orchestra (Augmented to 180 players), BBC Chorus, BBC Choral Society, Hampstead Choral Society, Choir of Emanuel School, Orpington Junior Singers. Conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Royal Albert Hall. 8 pm.

MONDAY 31 OCTOBER

Ballet: World première of ballet film *Romeo and Juliet*, starring Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. Festival Hall. 8 pm.

Ball: Bobsleigh Ball, Dorchester Hotel.

Theatre: Marlene Dietrich giving solo performance at Golders Green Hippodrome (only appearance in London this year).

TUESDAY 1 NOVEMBER

Ball: Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House.

FRIDAY 4 NOVEMBER

Auction: Sotheby's auction of veteran and vintage cars – Rudyard Kipling's Rolls to be sold. Earls Court.

SUNDAY 6 NOVEMBER

Film: Opening night of *Lilith*, starring Jean Seberg and Warren Beatty. International Film Theatre.

TUESDAY 8 NOVEMBER

Fair: YMCA Fair, Chelsea Town Hall.

THURSDAY 10 NOVEMBER

Film: Première of *Seconds* – John Frankenheimer's new film, starring Rock Hudson. Plaza.

Film: World première of *The Quiller Memorandum*, starring George Segal, Max von Sydow. Odeon, Leicester Square.

FRIDAY 11 NOVEMBER

Opera: Covent Garden opera season starts with performance of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. Royal Opera House. 7 pm.

TUESDAY 15 NOVEMBER

Ballet: Covent Garden ballet season starts with performances of *Serenade*, *The Rite of Spring* and first performance by the Royal Ballet of Stravinsky/Balanchine *Apollon Musagète*. Royal Opera House. 7.30 pm

TUESDAY 22 NOVEMBER

Festival: 10th London Film Festival. National Film Theatre (until 9 December).

THE SWEET SMELL OF

ROGER ELDRIDGE explains how the most intriguing development for years in a big West End store is being geared up to the psychology of the 1966 woman shopper, with the help of colours, perfumes, intimacy—and perhaps even music, if the right note can be found . . .

IN 1963 the umbrella went up in Oxford Circus. The Victoria Line began burrowing its untidy way along Oxford Street, churning up wooden ramparts as it went, and finally leaving a great molehill over the Circus itself. The lengthening shadow obscured Peter Robinson's, then one of the shabbiest departmental stores in the whole of London.

Now, three years later, a quiet revolution has been operated, and the new Peter Robinson is ready to launch a fashion explosion. It has been transformed into the only all-fashion store in Britain, and it represents a whole new outlook in shop psychology. The customer has been analysed, categorised and – it is hoped – wooed in such a way that buying will become a compulsive necessity. This week, the final coloured tile and the last of the zany lighting effects were slotted into place, special sales-boosting perfumes were placed on the counters, and the campaign on the consumer is about to begin. Later, if the right "formula" can be found, music may add further stimulus to sales.

The three men responsible for this reformation represent a triumvirate of opposing mentalities. Raymond Burton, Chairman of the Robinson Group, has a more sober, traditional attitude to salesmanship. He said: "Despite having two teenage daughters, I cannot reconcile myself to some of the innovations, but I'm sufficiently detached to judge a good commercial buy when I see one."

Shake-up

On the other hand, Desmond Preston, the Managing Director, was largely responsible for initiating the ambitious use of colour patterns in attracting the customer. "I felt we needed to take the kaleidoscope and shake it vigorously," he said. "Only that way could we get the new sets of permutations essential for our survival." Between the two of them is Mr H Palfreyman, the General Manager, who balances the conflicting attitudes and channels them into the practical results which are on display today.

Mr Burton explained the moves which led to the final break with tradition. "We had a very old shop, substantially damaged in the last war. We made do, and patched it up as best we could. We always felt that one day we would reform it all, but we didn't do much about it. You know how it is. You hope you'll live long enough to see an old thing revive, but at the same time you haven't really got the energy to see it through. Then suddenly the Victoria Line was right on our doorstep, and this external jolt put into motion something we had been talking about for a long time.

Reform No 1

"Customers objected to standing on threadbare carpets and changing in dirty changing rooms. Actually there wasn't even a ladies' powder room. I didn't think it was really needed – after all, do you look for a loo in a fashion shop? Funnily enough, this was one of the first reforms on the schedule."

The new Robinson look is the cumulative result of five years of experimentation in the provinces and in London's suburbs. The unfortunately titled "mother shop" suffered from the national trend towards smaller boutiques. It had an acre of floor space, and a 19-foot ceiling which dwarfed the potential customer. Somehow the designers had to contrive a system which would give the illusion of isolated departments. "The day of the barn is over," explained Ian Crombie, the Assistant General Manager. "Our rebuilding programme had somehow to give the illusion of small, intimate recesses. We did this by the use of variously coloured panels standing out in relief from the walls. The combinations vary as you enter each separate department. We have 19 separate boutiques in all, and you will sense a different atmosphere in each."

Mr Raymond Burton in the revitalised store . . . "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, tho' he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

The floor area itself is broken up by large columns with projecting lights like the engines of a space craft. The emphasis is entirely on mobility. An entire display can be moved overnight. In this age of rapidly changing loyalties, it is felt that the customer's interest can only be retained by constant variations in the presentation of merchandise. The day of personal relationships between salesman and customer has passed. Indeed, it is no longer a commercial proposition. The woman who wanders into a store every day and buys a scarf once a month is unwanted. The attention of the customer must be captivated by an unexpected novelty.

"It's an intriguing point," said Ian Crombie. "Perhaps women do come in expecting to find certain goods in prefixed departments. But instead of this we offer them the excitement of change. This takes away the static atmosphere of most stores, and might lead to an unexpected sale."

Peter Robinson's believe in the principle of open display. Nothing is hidden behind showcases or stored away in drawers. Customers can handle clothes and make their choice without having to ask. This takes away the sometimes daunting experience of the fitting room. After selecting a particular item of clothing, a customer can temporarily disappear into a catacomb of secret enclosures behind the walls and admire herself without interruption.

Enigmatic

What particular feature, above all others, will prompt a woman to make a special journey from the suburbs to shop at Peter Robinson's? Mr Burton answered somewhat enigmatically with a quote from Emerson: "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, tho' he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

The planners are still toying with external stimuli to buying. Large stores are often filled with the cloying smell of

SALESMANSHIP

new clothes. With this in mind, the Mary Quant section of the perfumery department has designed two scents which are permanently available to customers, one for daytime and the other for evening. A free dab of this fragrance is expected to give added "buoyancy" to the women exploring for bargains.

Pop music

The right kind of music, too, can be an effective sales booster. As yet the planners are undecided. Constant pop music, such as is found in pure boutiques, would probably focus too much attention on the entertainment side of the shop, and as a result would dull the visual excitement of the displays. The management will try out various kinds of music on the staff and test their reactions.

The staff, in fact, play a large part in the new psychology of the store. A training scheme has been launched to inculcate the correct customer approach. Periodic campaigns are launched to draw out the better side of the shopgirls. The latest is the "Keep your Promise" campaign, based on the premise that if a girl promises to ring a customer when certain requested goods become available, she should, in fact, do so. Large notices are pinned around the store reminding saleswomen of this.

The departments have been systematically arranged so that the quick-sale goods are grouped around the entrance. Jewellery, handbags, scarves and cosmetics can often be snap purchases. Peter Robinson's have been adventurous in opening up their basement as part of the store. "We've taken a bit of a chance opening up on two floors like this," said Mr Crombie. "Most people seem to regard the basement as the bargain store. But I hope we've overcome this by putting really worthwhile departments down there."

Auto-suggestions

The entire atmosphere of the reformed store is one of auto-suggestion, of persuading people to buy articles they had no intention of buying in the first place. A woman who plans to buy a new suit, will mysteriously find a pair of trousers which go with a jacket, or a hat, blouse, pair of shoes which go with the trousers. The possibilities are endless. Peter Robinson's call this the "Coordinates" look.

"We don't want people to say 'I want to buy such and such a garment,'" explained Mr Crombie. "We want them to go up to our window display and say 'I want to look like that model.' We want to dress the complete woman, if you like. This explains our use of themes and colours in the displays. Our shop windows are simplicity itself. The models stand in groups and wear combinations of clothing which stand together."

Large stores

As an experiment in the attuning of large stores to the 20th century, Peter Robinson's is an interesting idea. Every minor detail has been planned so that it fits into place with a very precise symmetry. Because of this far-sightedness, it is likely to succeed where Woollands failed. Indeed, the future of the Peter Robinson group may well depend on it. As Ian Crombie put it: "If Oxford Circus sneezes, then all the little Robinsons catch cold."

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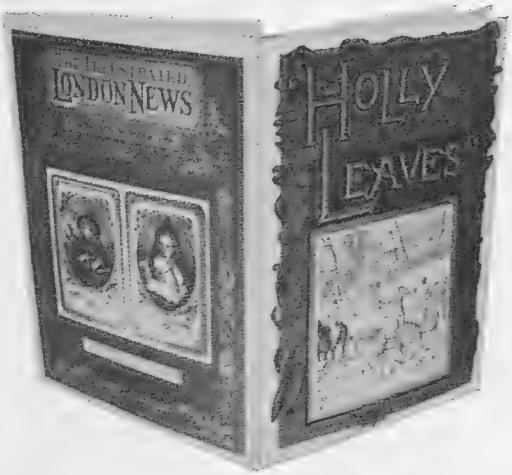

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THEATRE

It has always seemed to me that *The Winter's Tale* is the most romantic of Shakespeare's plays – romantic in the 19th century sense, that is. The colours are bold and definite; Leontes is all twisted blackness; Hermione all purity and truth; Perdita (delicate reflection of Hermione) is all youth and simplicity. The middle section of the play is all sweetness and light; the outer sections are basically incredible in plot and motivation, the last scene a staggering conceit. The play also gives the impression of Shakespeare showing off: there's life in the old boy yet, he seems to be saying.

As always happens when old masters produce another work of art, the result makes one reel at the sheer technical expertise, the unerring precision of the piece. *The Winter's Tale* is a compact of marvels, and Frank Dunlop's production for Pop Theatre allows us to revel in them. He plays it straight; no gimmicks, which is good.

Stylish nakedness

Carl Toms has designed in the same way, with a stylish nakedness for the court of Sicilia, and a furry comfort for that of Bohemia. The permanent set formalises what we know of the Elizabethan stage, and the use of music (composed and – I presume – presented by Jim Dale) is expert – in the final scene magical: just the guitar and either a remarkably tuneful whistle or an instrument approximating the same sound.

These outer sections come off a great deal better than the central one in the event, because apparently the court of Leontes has been cast at strength and at the expense of Bohemia. I always find Laurence Harvey a gripping actor, and I found his Leontes virile, unaffected and affecting, particularly in the final scenes of repentance. Moira Redmond is Hermione, very fine, and Diana Churchill the Paulina – one of the remarkably few genuinely human characters in the play. It is a dominating performance, incisively spoken and containing the essential breath of good sense.

Nothing but beauty

Jane Asher has nothing beyond her great beauty to recommend her. Visually she is the ideal Perdita, but her voice is undeveloped, uncontrolled and untrained. She is also lumbered with a chubby Florizel whose ardency lies only in the words he speaks. Jim Dale, a most engaging character, plays Autolycus as a sort of music-hall link between audience and stage. Fair enough, I suppose. Only Edward Jewesbury and John Gray (as the shepherd and his son) seemed to have the exact measure of these pastoral scenes.

With the exception mentioned, the play is very well spoken. The often concentrated imagery and brisk exchanges, the jokes and topical allusions (the director makes a nice point at the mention of Guilio Romano, the celebrated pornographer who had been commissioned to create the statue of the chaste Hermione) come cracking across. I hope this production does something to establish a splendid play. And without being in any way derogatory about the work of either the RSC or the National Theatre, it is good to welcome Shakespeare to central London under another banner.

roger baker

MICHAEL VESTEY writes: It is always upsetting to watch actors perform brilliantly in a play not worthy of their talents, and with *The Swallows* by French dramatist Roland Dubillard at the New Arts Theatre, this was certainly so. Directed by Don Taylor, the production is excellent – but throughout one is assailed with a nagging distress at seeing actors at perfection, and yet achieving nothing. The play, translated by Barbara Wright, is about boredom. Painful, procrastinating, aggravating boredom.

Four people living in each other's pockets find themselves in a position in life from which they cannot escape. The entire play, therefore, sees them gradually worsening their pathetic situation. There seems no answer for the middle-aged man who spends his life mending china, the old woman hating her age, or the two young people who have more chance than any of them of rising from their ready-made coffin. One is tempted to regard this abstract study of ennui as more an example of insanity, such is the meaningless dialogue. So much can be done with this, a contemporary problem.

Not clear

Ionesco writes in the programme: "I wish I could make clear the craftsmanship with which the author demonstrates the agony of boredom, then intensifies the mood, makes it deeper still, and suddenly shatters it." The audience hoped Dubillard could have made it clear, rather than Ionesco. Ewen Solon, Viola Keats, Tim Preece and Tessa Wyatt are all superb – despite the futility of their raining words upon each other in a verbal thunderstorm. When Bertrand shouts: "What's all this deluge of idiotic words?" you can understand why.

WEST END

openings

Thurs 13 Oct: **LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN**, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: Anthony Quayle. Scenery and costumes: Cecil Beaton. Cast: Coral Browne, Wilfrid Hyde White, Isabel Jeans, Ronald Lewis, Juliet Mills. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. W Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.30, 8.30

Thurs 13 Oct: **U S**, Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Music: Richard Peaslee. Lyrics: Adrian Mitchell. Author: Dennis Cannan. Dir: Peter Brook. Cast: Roger Brierley, Ian Hogg, Pauline Munro, Ursula Mohan. 7.0. Subs: 7.30. Sat: 2.30, 7.30

Mon 17 Oct: **BIG BAD MOUSE**, Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 6596). Authors: Philip King, Falkland Cary. Dir: Alexander Doré. Cast: Eric Sykes, Jimmy Edwards, Elspeth Duxbury, Joan Young, Clovissa Newcombe.

Juliet Mills is Lady Windermere in the star-studded revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy at the Phoenix.

Tues 18 Oct: **THE STORM**, National Theatre Company, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Author: Alexander Ostrovsky. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Jill Bennett, Frank Finlay, Beatrix Lehmann, Sheila Reid, John Stride. 7.0

Wed 19 Oct: **THE BED-SITTING ROOM**, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars (CIT 7656). Authors: Spike Milligan, John Antrobus. Dir: Spike Milligan. Cast: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. 7.0. Subs: 6.10, 8.40

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Pungent revival of deliciously nasty comedy. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler stir the brew. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb

BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, W1 (VIC 1317). It should make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Peter Byrne (TV's Andy Crawford) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.10). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0): 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, W1 (WHI 6692). Danny La Rue changes his drag a dozen times but Barbara Windsor does get a look in during the high camp routines. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May

AN EVENING WITH G B SHAW, Criterion, Piccadilly (WHI 3216). One-man show by Max Adrian. 8.0. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.0. Opened 28 Sept

FOUR DEGREES OVER, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Oxford revue. 8.30 (ends 10.35). Sat Mat: 6.0 (ends 8.5). Opened 15 Sept

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8106). The transatlantic bombshell has become a touch cosy with Dora Bryan wow-wow-wowing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Piccadilly, opposite Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality amongst the Wildest epigrams, together with Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd and Roger Livesey. 7.45 (ends 10.15). Th Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 13 Aug

JOEY, JOEY, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Ron Moody – who also wrote music and lyrics – plays the clown Grimaldi in this musical biography. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. W and Sat Mat: 3.0, 8.0. Opened 11 Oct

JORROCKS, New, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Joss Ackland makes an endearing hero in a colourful and appealing musical. 8.0. Th and Sat Mats: 4.0. Opened 22 Sept

Jimmy Edwards – moustache back – plays the pompous boss in "Big Bad Mouse," at the Shaftesbury.

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 2443). Hermione Baddeley is now the radio actress who loses her part, and Andrée Melly her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4061). Extended bedroom farce with the delectable Glynis Johns playing Anne of Cleves to Keith Michell's Henry VIII. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W and Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 20 July

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in an admired English version of a Sardou comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.40). W and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 26 July

Ron Moody plays Grimaldi in his own long-awaited musical version of the clown's life, "Joey Joey."

LONDON LAUGHS, Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). London is actually a bit more sophisticated than this, but Jimmy Tarbuck is engaging, Harry Secombe is booming and Anita Harris swinging. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West End, WC3 (TEM 1171). After 14 years, still a mystery. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30).

THE ODD COUPLE, Queen's Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Harvey Medlinsky. Cast: Jack Klugman, Victor Spinetti. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 6.0, 8.30. Opened 12 Oct

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 3028). Muriel Spark's dry, witty novel in a watery adaptation, but totally redeemed by Vanessa Redgrave in the title role. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May

PUBLIC AND CONFIDENTIAL, Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). John Gregson, as a Tory minister, struggles with his conscience. Constance Cummings is his alcoholic secretary/mistress. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Th Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.45). Opened 17 Aug

THE RIVALS, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: Sheridan. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Ralph Richardson, Margaret Rutherford, Daniel Massey, Moray Watson, Geoffrey Toone. 7.30. Subs: 7.45. W Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15. Opened 6 Oct

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Conventional in harmony and style, but as comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have woman trouble, not aided by the insufficiencies of the telephone. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 18 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15)

SPRING AND PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THE SWALLOWS, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street. WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Ronald Dubillard. Dir: Don Taylor. Cast: Ewen Solon, Tim Preece, Tessa Wyatt. 8.0. Sat Mat: 5.0. Opened 4 Oct. Ends 22 Oct

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand, Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer involved in dope-peddling. 7.45 (ends 10.5). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.50); 8.30 (ends 10.50). Opened 27 July

Moira Redmond is very fine as the chaste and beautiful Hermione in Pop Theatre's "The Winter's Tale."

THE WINTER'S TALE, Cambridge, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Well-spoken, ungimmicky Shakespeare, with Laurence Harvey a virile Leontes and Jim Dale a music-hall minstrel. 7.30. Th and Sat Mats: 2.30

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT, Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9291). THE FULL TREATMENT with Clarkson Rose. Until Sat 16 Oct: 7.45. Sat: 5.0, 8.0
THE AMOROUS PRAWN with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge. From M 17 Oct: 7.45

INTIMATE, Palmers Green, N13 (PAL 3798). ARMS AND THE MAN. Until Sat 15 Oct: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0.

NEW, High Street, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). MACBETH. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

PALACE, Clarendon Road, Watford (92-25671). RATTLE OF A SIMPLE MAN. 7.45. Sat Mat: 4.45

QUESTORS, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W5 (EAL 0011). A SCENT OF FLOWERS. F 14, Sat 15 Oct: 7.45

RICHMOND, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). LET SLEEPING WIVES LIE. Until Sat 15 Oct: 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS. Until Sat 15 Oct: 7.30

OUT OF TOWN

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warks (0789-2271). Th 13 Oct: HENRY V. The stature of Ian Holm's performance far exceeds his lack of inches. 2.0
Th 13, Sat 15 Oct: HAMLET. Further chances to see David Warner's contemporary interpretation and Peter Hall's exciting production. Th: 7.30 Sat: 2.0
F 14 Oct: THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY by Tourneur. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Ian Richardson, Brenda Bruce. 7.30
Sat 15, M 17, T 18 Oct: TWELFTH NIGHT. Diana Rigg dons boy's clothes as Viola in Clifford Williams' aromatic production. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (0483-60191). Until Sat 15 Oct: THE SERVANT. Cast: Barry Justice, Peter Wyngarde, Edina Ronay. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0
W 19 Oct: NIGHT IS FOR DELIGHT. A new revue with Lance Percival, Prunella Scales, Elizabeth Welch, Patsy Ann Noble. 7.45

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Until Sat 15 Oct: THREE MEN FOR COLVERTON by David Cregan. Sex and religion in a backward Midland community. 7.30 (ends 9.50). Sat. Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.20).

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 13 Oct: MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Revival of Zeffirelli's diverting, controversial production. 7.30 (ends 10.15).
F 14, Sat 15 Oct: A BOND HONOURED by Osborne and BLACK COMEDY by Shaffer. The most controversial play of recent months paired with the funniest. 7.30 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.15)
W 19 Oct: THE STORM by Ostrovsky. A Dickensian portrait gallery of Russian provincial life, with a theme of pure tragedy. 7.30

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). W 19 Oct: DAYS IN THE TREES. Peggy Ashcroft in virtuoso performance. With George Baker, Frances Cuka. 7.30

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER. From M 17 Oct: 7.30. Subs: 8.0

LAMDA, Logan Place, Earls Court Road, W8 (FRE 7071). STRIKE AN USHERETTE. Sun 16 Oct: 7.45

MOUNTVIEW, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). HENRY IV. From M 17 Oct: 8.0.

UNICORN THEATRE FOR CHILDREN, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (EMP 6116). THE PIED PIPER and THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURES OF FANG. Sat 15 and Sun 16 Oct: 2.15

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FILMS

Sentiment in the cinema is not the easiest of emotions to capture. It may depend on nostalgia, an overall atmosphere of blithe innocence, great acting, or a combination of all three. It may spring from a strong story-line, or a series of cumulative, explosive actions. At the Leicester Square Theatre currently, the third (or is it fourth?) version of *Beau Geste* (A) is the main feature, but easily the better half of the programme is the fifth (or is it sixth?) version of *Madame X* (A), that much put-upon lady whose fortunes vary, as Barbra Streisand might have put it, from rotten to worse.

Producer Ross Hunter may not be a miner who strikes original veins, but he's an efficient, careful man who, give him due credit, ambles tidily along with his little pick and strikes a tear-duct every time. Here he digs up the definitive weepie plot of the senator's wife whose one act of adultery ruins her whole life, and, with the help of a strong, discerning director, David Lowell Rich, holds it firmly and wisely to the spirit

Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk co-star again in "Luv."

of the silent era, building up to an out-with-your-handkerchieves climax (Madame X being defended on a charge of murder by her own son, who knows her not) which is all the more effective for being handled in a strictly old-fashioned manner.

The film has an uneasy first 20 minutes when it seems to be struggling against its own natural trappings. But once it finds its own *metier*, not a trick is missed – the juvenile saying his prayers, the wicked stepmother framed in a window during a storm, Madame X collapsing in snow and catching pneumonia – and one can almost see the silent credits. Yet still, a lot depends on the star and one can never remember a more affecting performance from Lana Turner, especially in the latter half of the film, when she is so much more impressive than one could ever imagine that one is almost entirely captive to a portrayal in which she is utterly deglamorised, and says much with brown eyes that seem old and fathomless.

At the Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue, currently, *Goal! – World Cup 1966* (U) is cinematically attractive, but about as exciting as the average Second Division match. Still, the opening shots of England players arguing are quite hilarious, and *Goal!* does prove beyond doubt that England's disputed third goal in the final *was* over the line.

david quinlan

OPENING

BALTHAZAR (A). Film of eloquent simplicity, about the life of a donkey, as he passes from owner to owner over the years, surrounded by the corrupt inhabitants of a remote village. Directed by Robert Bresson. (Francis Lafarge, Nathalie Joyau. 90 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744

CALIFORNIA HOLIDAY (U). Yet another Elvis Presley film, in which Elvis plays a pop singer, Mike McCoy, who wanders around the countryside with his band, which includes a girl drummer. Produced by Joe Pasternak, it co-stars Shelley Fabares and Deborah Walley. Many new numbers for devotees. (Una Merkel, Cecil Kellaway, Carl Betz. Dir: Norman Taurog. Col. 93 min.) *Jacey Marble Arch.* MAY 6396. Opens Th 13 Oct

GEORGY GIRL (X). A gay, voguishly directed piece about a plump, unattractive young girl who shares a flat with an extremely svelte and promiscuous friend, and becomes embroiled in her problems as well as her own. Lynn Redgrave gives a sympathetic, touching performance. Directed by Silvio Narizzano, with James Mason as a wealthy roué, and Alan Bates as a breezy lover. (Charlotte Rampling. 99 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket.* WHI 3711. Opens Th 13 Oct

THE PAWNBROKER (X). A self-conscious, glib, controversial film directed by Sidney Lumet. Set in Spanish Harlem, it traces the life of a pawnbroker, who owns a seedy little shop, and is haunted by the memory of the time he spent in a concentration camp. Rod Steiger, in a remarkable performance, gives the film some ring of truth. (Geraldine Fitzgerald. 115 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket.* WHI 2738. Opens Th 13 Oct

WEST END

AFTER THE FOX (U). Peter Sellers and his gang assume the guise of a film unit to smuggle in a cargo of stolen gold under police protection. (Col. 102 min.) *Odeon, Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 1.45, 4.10, 6.40, 9.5. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.35, 6.0, 8.25. Ends 19 Oct

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON (A). The problems of middle-class life are examined by Japanese director Jasujiro Osu. A widower decides it is time he found a husband for his daughter. Osu's style is a highly personal one, witty, yet conveying a deeply emotional quality. (Col. 110 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. 1.40, 4.5, 6.30, 9.5. Sun: 4.5, 6.30, 9.0

BEAU GESTE (A). The old P C Wren story of the Foreign Legion has lost most of its original charm: Beau and his brother John are no longer English, but American, and the accent is on the savagery of the sergeant, enthusiastically played by Telly Savalas. (Guy Stockwell, Doug McClure. Col. 104 min.) With: *Madame X* (A). *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. Pgm: 1.30, 3.25, 7.5. Sun: 3.20, 7.5. Ends 25 Oct

THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING (U). Covers from the Creation to the story of Abraham and Isaac. John Huston's direction is uneven, but the Noah sequence, in which he himself plays Noah, is quite delightful and amusing, though the animals really steal the show. (Michael Parks, Ulla Bergryd, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, Peter O'Toole. Col. Cinerama. 175 min.) *Coliseum Cinerama, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.30, 7.30

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard plays an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal in the Kaiser's air force. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) *Metropole, Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

DARLING . . . (X). Director John Schlesinger attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life but succeeds only in a misplaced and rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). Omar Sharif smoulders as Yuri Zhivago, and Julie Christie is unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

THE FIGHTING PRINCE OF DONEGAL (U). A fairly typical Walt Disney production, abounding in action and colour, with little characterisation or subtlety in presentation. (Peter McEnery, Susan Hampshire. Col. 104 min.) *Prince Charles, Leicester Place.* GER 8181. 1.35, 4.5, 6.40, 9.13. Sun: 2.0, 4.20, 6.48, 9.19

GOAL! WORLD CUP 1966 (U). The screen record of the complete 1966 World Cup series, in Technicolor and Techniscope, directed by Abidine Dino and Ross Devenish. Stylish but unexciting. (Col. 108 min.) *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414

THE GROUP (X). Nostalgic but lumpy saga of eight college girls and their careers. Set in the '30s. (Elizabeth Hartman, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight. Col. 146 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 10.40, 1.40, 4.45, 8.5. Sun: 4.25, 7.35

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (U). William Wyler's first comedy since *Roman Holiday*, with Audrey Hepburn delicious as an art thief bent on acquiring a Cellini nude, and Peter O'Toole an elegant detective who becomes her partner in crime. (Col. 123 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.18, 3.44, 6.10, 8.36. Sat only: 11.33 pm. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

THE IDOL (X). A rambling, and supposedly significant piece, about an American art student in London, who becomes involved in an affair with his friend's mother. Jennifer Jones makes a come-back as the mother. (Michael Parks. 111 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.3, 3.36, 6.11, 8.46. Sat only: 11.24. Sun: 3.6, 5.46, 8.26. Ends 19 Oct

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier the Mahdi. (Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street.* GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

THE LIQUIDATOR (A). Variation on the espionage theme, but the low-comedy dialogue gives Rod Taylor and Trevor Howard very little chance to make anything of such unsubtle surroundings. (Col. 104 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 12.30, 2.40, 4.50, 7.0, 9.10. Sat only: 11.36 pm. Sun: 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.0. (Check with cinema)

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along in commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate Liza. Great vitality, but played just a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway. Col. 185 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. 1.0, 4.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.40, 7.0

SEE YOU IN HELL, DARLING (X). Crime story about a television personality (Stuart Whitman) and the violent and sordid tangle into which he is drawn. Directed with little flair. (Janet Leigh. Col. 103 min.) With: *Chamber of Horrors* (X). *Warner, Leicester Square.* GER 3423. Pgm: 12.35, 3.55, 7.20. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.30, 7.0

THE SIGN OF LEO (U). Disquieting film with a simple theme. A young musician (Jess Hahn), learning he is heir to his aunt's estate, borrows large sums of money, only to find it is all a hoax; and he is left living the life of a tramp. (Michèle Girardon. Dir: Eric Rohmer. 83 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. 1.0, 3.50, 6.40, 9.35. Sun: 6.20, 9.10

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDERS (X). A good old-fashioned thriller. Simone Signoret, as a down-and-out actress, and Yves Montand, as the police inspector, give immaculate performances. (92 min.) With: *Une Femme Mariée* (X). *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 4193. Pgm: 12.40, 4.0, 7.20. Sun: 4.0, 7.20. *Paris-Pullman, Drayton Gardens.* FRE 7354. Pgm: 2.20, 3.55, 7.25. Sat: 2.0, 3.40, 7.0, 10.30. Sun: 4.30, 7.35

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of children and singing nuns. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood and Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (U). A revival of Cecil B de Mille's lavish pseudo-marathon. Much reverence but little historical sense. Extras by the thousand. (Charlton Heston. Col. 219 min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.0, 7.0. Sun: 6.0. Ends 2 Nov

THE WAR GAME (X). An imaginary nuclear attack on Britain, written and produced (for BBC television) by Peter Watkins. (50 min.) With: *Four in the Morning* (X). *Classic, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2380. Pgm: 12.15, 1.5, 3.35, 6.5, 8.35. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10

THE WAR IS OVER (X). Alain Resnais's latest investigation into the past and present, which caused such controversy when shown at Cannes. A veteran of the Spanish Civil War (Yves Montand), dwells on the effect the past has had on him. (Ingrid Thülin. 121 min.) With: *Morianna* (X). *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINA WOOLF? (X). A middle-aged couple engage in violent, utterly destructive quarrels, in which they ruthlessly tear at one another's weaknesses. Well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street.* GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.25. Fri and Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

GENERAL RELEASE

* Sunday programme differs

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Baker Street Classic. 5, 36.
Belmont Essoldo. 20.
Brixton Classic. 3, 43.
***Brixton Granada.** 2, 30.
Camberwell Grand. 10, 35.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 27.
Chelsea Classic. 19, 41.
Chelsea Essoldo. 15, 20.
Croydon Classic. 41.
Dalston Classic. 18.
Ealing Walpole. 22.
East Ham Granada. 42.
Edgware Road ABC. 46.
Edgware Road Gala Royal. 9.
Eltham Hill Gaumont. 9.
Finchley Rex. 48.
Fulham Road ABC. 46.
Golders Green Ionic. 38, 41.
Hackney Essoldo. 10, 32.
Hammersmith Broadway. 29.
Hampstead Everyman. 23, 24.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 22.
Hendon Gala. 21.
Hendon Gaumont. 28.
Hornchurch Odeon. 28.
Kilburn Classic. 34, 39.
Kilburn Grange. 22.
Kingston Odeon. 6.
Notting Hill Classic. 13, 25.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 49. 27.
Piccadilly Jacey. 33.
Praed Street Classic. 45.
Putney Globe. 16.
Queensbury Essoldo. 7, 40.
Raynes Park Rialto. 1, 12.
Southfields Plaza. 42.
Stockwell Classic. 17.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 14, 37.
Tooting Astoria. 8, 31.
Tooting Classic. 41.
Victoria Biograph. 4.
Victoria Cameo. 26, 44.
Waterloo Station Classic. 11.
Watford Odeon. 47.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 14.

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda – *above* – and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. But the real heroes are the tanks, ploughing their way through the countryside. Magnificent spectacle, if somewhat bloodless. (Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) Ends Th 20 Oct.

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: KALEIDOSCOPE (U). Consciously trendy, flimsy story of the affair between an American gambler (Warren Beatty) and the owner of a fashionable boutique (Susannah York), and the system he devises for winning at cards. Quite fun in its way. (Clive Revill – *above* – Eric Porter. Dir: Jack Smight. Col. 93 min.) With: **Who Killed The Cat?** (U). Ends Th 20 Oct.

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: FANTASTIC VOYAGE (A). A scientist suffers a severe head injury. In an attempt to save his life, a team of doctors board a submarine which is shrunk and injected into his body. Totally incredible, but clever trick photography by Ernest Laszlo. (Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch – *above*. Dir: Richard Fleischer. Col. 104 min.) With: **Guns For The Dictator** (A). Ends Th 20 Oct.

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THE CHASE (X). Supposedly an indictment of small-town intolerance and hypocrisy, set in Texas. A young man (Robert Redford) breaks jail, becomes a murder suspect and the object of mob violence. Marlon Brando is utterly convincing as the sheriff, but the plot is novelettish. (Jane Fonda, Janice Rule – *above* – James Fox. Dir: Arthur Penn. Col. 134 min.) With: **Let's Laugh** (U). Ends Th 20 Oct.

ADVENTURE

1 **Assault on a Queen** (U). Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi. Sun, seven days: Raynes Park Rialto
2 **Batman** (U). J Carroll Naish. Mon, five days: Brixton Granada
3 **Caesar the Conqueror** (U). Cameron Mitchell. Fri, three days: Brixton Classic
4 **The Golden Goddess of the Rio Beni** (A). Pierre Brice. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph
5 **Viva Zapata!** (A). Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn. Fri, seven days: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm

COMEDIES

6 **Battle of the Sexes** (U). Peter Sellers. Fri, seven days: Kingston Odeon
7 **Carry On Screaming** (A). Harry H Corbett, Fenella Fielding. Sun, six days (closed Mon): Queensbury Essoldo
8 **Follow a Star** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: Doctor at Sea (U)
9 **The Great Race** (U). Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, Natalie Wood. Edgware Road, Gala Royal. Fri, seven days: Eltham Hill Gaumont
10 **Heavens Above!** (A). Peter Sellers. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo, Camberwell Grand. With: The Wrong Arm of the Law (U)
11 **The Knack** (X). Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford. Fri, seven days (evenings only): Waterloo Station Classic. With: Nothing But the Best (A)
12 **Monsieur Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. With: The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy (U)
13 **Smiles of a Summer Night** (X). Ulla Jacobssen, Eva Dahlbeck. Fri, seven days: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm
14 **Tom Jones** (X). Albert Finney, Susannah York. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum, Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: Never on Sunday (X)
15 **The Wrong Box** (U). John Mills, Ralph Richardson. Sun, seven days: Chelsea Essoldo

DOCUMENTARY

16 **Goal! World Cup 1966** (U). Fri, seven days: Putney Globe
17 **Karamoja** (A). Fri, seven days: Stockwell Classic. With: Drops of Blood (X)
18 **The War Game** (X). Fri, seven days: Dalston Classic. With: 4 in the Morning (X)

DRAMA

19 **The Boyar's Plot** (U). Ivan the Terrible, Part II. Dir: Sergei Eisenstein. Fri 14 Oct, 11.15 pm only: Chelsea Classic
20 **Diary of a Chambermaid** (X). Jeanne Moreau. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo. Sun, six days (closed Mon): Belmont Essoldo. With: Please, Not Now (X)
21 **The Eclipse** (X). Monica Vitti. Until Sat: Hendon Gala
22 **The Hill** (X). Sean Connery, Ian Hendry. Fri, seven days: Ealing Walpole, Harrow Road Prince of Wales, Kilburn Grange. With: Butterfield 8 (X)
23 **Hiroshima Mon Amour** (X). Emmanuele Riva, Eiji Okada. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman
24 **Last Year in Marienbad** (U). Delphine Seyrig, Giorgio Albertazzi. Mon, seven days: Hampstead Everyman
25 **Night is My Future** (A). Mai Zetterling. Fri 14 Oct, 11.15 pm only: Notting Hill Classic
26 **Our Man in Havana** (A). Alec Guinness. Sun, four days: Victoria Cameo
27 **To Love** (X). Zbigniew Cybulski, Harriet Andersson. Charing Cross Road Jacey
28 **The Trap** (A). Rita Tushingham, Oliver Read. Fri, seven days: Hendon Gaumont, Hornchurch Odeon

HORROR

29 **The Gorgon** (X). Christopher Lee, Barbara Shelley. Fri, seven days: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Curse of the Mummy's Tomb (X)
30 **Tarantula** (X). John Agar, Mara Corday. Until Fri: Brixton Granada. With: Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man (X)
31 **Taste of Fear** (X). Susan Strasberg. Sun, six days (closed Tues): Tooting Astoria. With: Who Wants to Sleep? (X)

MUSICALS

32 **Girls! Girls! Girls!** (U). Elvis Presley. Sun, four days: Hackney Essoldo
33 **The Kinky Darlings** (X). Piccadilly Jacey. With: Image of Love (X)

THRILLERS

34 **Al Capone** (A). Rod Steiger. Fri, three days: Kilburn Classic. With: Johnny Stool Pigeon (A)
35 **Kingdom of Violence** (A). Mark Damon. Mon, three days: Camberwell Grand
36 **Midnight Lace** (A). Rex Harrison, Doris Day. Fri 14 Oct, 11.15 pm only: Baker Street Classic
37 **Operation Poker** (A). Roger Browne. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum
38 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn, Gila Golan. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic
39 **Pretty Boy Floyd** (A). John Ericson. Mon, four days: Kilburn Classic. With: New York Confidential (X)

WAR

40 **Cast a Giant Shadow** (A). Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo

WESTERNS

41 **The Magnificent 7** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen. Fri, seven days: Chelsea Classic, Croydon Classic, Tooting Classic. Sun, seven days: Golders Green Ionic
42 **Nevada Smith** (A). Steve McQueen. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. Fri, seven days: East Ham Granada
43 **Red Skies of Montana** (A). Richard Widmark. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic
44 **The Sons of Katie Elder** (U). John Wayne, Dean Martin. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo
45 **Two Rode Together** (A). James Stewart, Richard Widmark. Fri, seven days: Praed Street Classic. With: Carry On Spying (A)

PRE-RELEASE

46 **California Holiday** (U). Elvis Presley. Fri, seven days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC
47 **Madame X** (A). Lana Turner. Fri, seven days: Watford Odeon. With: Beau Geste (A)

STOP PRESS

48 **Can-Can** (U). Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. Fri, seven days: Finchley Rex
49 **Our Incredible World** (X). Oxford Street Cinephone

FILMS IN FLIGHT

AIR FRANCE, Westbound. To New York: Les Parapluies de Cherbourg (Catherine Deneuve, Anne Vernon. Dir: Jacques Demy). Until 18 Oct. Arabesque (Sophia Loren, Gregory Peck. Dir: Stanley Donen). From 19 Oct
To Los Angeles and Montreal: Moment to Moment (Jean Seberg, Sean Garrison, Honor Blackman. Dir: Mervyn LeRoy). Until 18 Oct. Les Parapluies de Cherbourg. From 19 Oct
To Washington: A Man Could Get Killed (James Garner, Melina Mercouri. Dir: Cliff Owen). Until 18 Oct. Moment to Moment. From 19 Oct
PAN-AM. Westbound: Lady L (Sophia Loren, David Niven, Paul Newman. Dir: Peter Ustinov). Until 31 Oct. **Eastbound:** Glass Bottom Boat (Doris Day, Rod Taylor. Dir: Frank Tashlin). Until 31 Oct
TWA. All flights: Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Millicent Martin, Tony Tanner. Dir: Phillip Saville). Until 15 Oct. Glass Bottom Boat. From 16 Oct

GALLERIES

Somebody, possibly a clever person in other ways, once called posters "the poor man's art gallery."

What brings this to mind at present is the recent re-issue of a McKnight Kauffer poster of the '30s done for the old LPTB. The quality of this poster suggests that there might be some point in extending the idea, rather in the manner of gramophone records of classic performances of the century. Some of the poster classics can still be found in use. Sandeman's silhouetted Spaniard is freshly printed (though I always queried its message in that I thought it was the English who drank the Port), and a keen observer of our more distant railway lines, or a collector for fashionable interiors, may discover an original Stephens' ink-blot – a superior find is both black and blue blot on an enamel sheet.

But it is not only progressive styles that can be found on the walls. If one takes a more gregarious view, accepting Surrealism and the blots (Abstract Expressionism), one can continue into the wilder realms of the Royal Academy.

Elegant new second-floor gallery at Tooths adds 50 per cent more exhibiting space for modern painting.

There are the obvious still-lives, indelibly accurate in colour photography and indigestibly large and succulent, but no more aggressive and affluent than their 17th-century Dutch equivalents; the fancy-dressed monks and Elizabethans (properly advertising beer) are the enlarged brothers of those Cardinal pictures to be found in the north end of Bond Street; the *Stag at Bay* has become a tiger at large – originally realistic as an image, they have become more comic and personified, rather more Tiger Tim.

Russian-style social realism has a continuing tradition in the athletic, extrovert and bosomy humans, full of vital energy derived from beverages, both alcoholic and milk-based. The most academic style, however, almost regressive, is to be found in current film posters. They remind me of nothing so much as Victorian semi-erotic and bizarre history pieces (like the films themselves?). Carried out in a naturalistic manner they become indistinguishable from one another, violent romantic action piling up in the middle of the picture and fading away in falsified perspective at the edges. I am told that the format is based on audience response statistics. If that is so then we are still a visually barbaric nation.

keith sutton

Left: "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," by Damini at Lasson. Right: Flowers, by de Gheyn, at Agnews.

OPENING

ARROBUS, Cooling, 92 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 5224. Recent watercolours of Canary Islands. 17-29 Oct. M-F 10.5.30, Sat 10-1

DIANE BLANCHEFLOWER, LINDSAY BLYTH, HELEN GLASS, Newburgh, 26 Kingly Street, W1. REG 8308. Paintings and sculpture. 13-25 Oct. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

LYNN CHADWICK, Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Recent sculpture. 20 Oct-12 Nov. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

COLNAGHI, 14 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1943. Exhibition of fine prints. 18 Oct-4 Nov. M-F 10-5.30

LASSON, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1. MAY 6981. Old Masters of 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. 19 Oct-10 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10.30-1

BEN NICHOLSON, CHRISTOPHER WOOD, ALFRED WALLIS, Crane Kalman, 178 Brompton Road, SW3. KNI 7566. Special exhibition of early work when Nicholson and Wood worked together and more or less discovered Wallis. 19 Oct-19 Nov. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-1

ERNST EISENMAYER, Mercury, 26 Cork Street, W1. REG 7800. Recent sculpture. 13 Oct-12 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

RICHARD HAMILTON, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. The Solomon R Guggenheim. 18 Oct-19 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

DEREK HYATT, New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. VEL 5844. Recent paintings. 19 Oct-12 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WOODSTOCK, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. Frangi, Saltini, Lisca: paintings. 17 Oct-5 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AGNEWS, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Small Pictures For Small Rooms, II: 15th-19th century. Until 5 Nov. Peter de Wint loan exhibition until 29 Oct. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

JEAN COCTEAU, WILLIAM SCOTT, HENRY MUNDY, Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Cocteau – drawings in ink and crayon, 1920-25. Scott and Mundy – recent paintings. Until 22 Oct. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

CURWEN, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. Swedish Print Makers. Until 22 Oct. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

FOLIO FINE ART LTD, 6 Stratford Place, W1 HYD 9014. Master drawings and Luristan bronzes. Until 29 Oct. M-F 9.30-6.30, Sat 9.30-1

ROY GRAYSON, Axiom, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. Recent paintings. Until 29 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ANTHONY HILL, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Recent constructions. Until 5 Nov. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ASGER JORN, Arthur Tooth, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Paintings and *gouaches* by leading member of COBRA group. Until 22 Oct. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

BRIAN KOETSER, 38 Duke Street, St. James, SW1. WHI 6309. Dutch, Flemish and Italian Old Master paintings. Until 16 Dec. M-F 10-6 Sat 10-1

LISSITSKY (1890-1941), Grosvenor, 28-29 Davies Street, W1 MAY 0891. First London show of famous Russian constructionist. Until 22 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MOMPO, McRoberts and Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. First London show of Spanish artists. Until 29 Oct. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

HENRY MOORE AND GRAHAM SUTHERLAND, Marlborough Fine Art, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Moore: Shelter Sketchbook, 1940-42. Sutherland: watercolours and drawings, 1933-66. Until 5 Nov. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

TONY MORGAN, Indica, Mason's Yard, Duke Street, W1. WHI 1424. Reliefs, sculpture and prints on plastic. Until 29 Oct. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-5.30

GEORGES ROUAULT, Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. 120 paintings and drawings, including *The Old King*. Adm 3s 6d. Until 13 Nov. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6, T and Th 10-8

ELLIOTT SEABROOK (1886-1950), Upper Grosvenor Gallery, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYD 3091. Memorial exhibition. Until 29 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WADDINGTON, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. The Sartorius Family: 18th century horse-paintings. Until 29 Oct. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WERTHMANN, Hamilton, 8 St. George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Sculpture in stainless steel. Until 12 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

SALEROOMS

THURSDAY 13 OCTOBER

Antique and modern furniture; old and modern pictures. 11.0. Bonham and Sons, Montepelier Galleries

English and continental furniture, eastern rugs and carpets, including a mid-19th century rosewood table. 11.0. Christie's

English and foreign silver and plate, and fine jewels. The most outstanding item is an antique brooch in sapphire and diamonds, property of Queen Helen, mother of ex-King Michael of Rumania. 11.0. Sotheby's

FRIDAY 14 OCTOBER

Pictures by Old Masters, including Hogarth, Canaletto, Raphael and Velasquez. 10.30. Christie's

Early costume, rugs and carpets, English and Continental furniture. 11.0. Sotheby's

MONDAY 17 OCTOBER

The Jay Dorf Collection of Chinese Export Porcelain. 11.0. Christie's

Portrait miniatures and objects of vertu. 11.0. Egyptian, Western Asiatic, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman antiquities. Islamic Pottery, African, Oceanic, South American and Indian Art. 2.30. Sotheby's

Stamps of Europe and Colonies. 1.30. Harmer's

TUESDAY 18 OCTOBER

English drawings and watercolours by artists such as Henry Aitken, Sutherland, Birket Foster and others. 11.0. Christie's

Stamps of Portugal, Italy and their colonies. Items include a rare stamp from the Azores, 1868-70, 10r yellow. 1.30. Harmer's

WEDNESDAY 19 OCTOBER

Important jewels, including two diamond tiaras, a beautiful diamond and turquoise necklace, and several bracelets and ear clips by Cartier. 11.0. Christie's

Stamps of Brazil, from the collection of Prof de Souza, which include the famous sheet of 60 1943 60r stamps, valued at £2,000 to £2,500. 1.30. Harmer's

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – two or three days before

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – two days before

H R Harmer Ltd, 41 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 0218) – Tues, Wed, Fri before. 10-5, Sat 10-12, and day of sale 10-1

Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – two days before

music

In 20 years I have never yet heard Wagner's *Ring* in English; now, I neither expect nor particularly want to. When the curtain rose on *Das Rheingold* at Covent Garden this week, a largely non-German-speaking public were committed to 16 hours of Teutonic philosophising in the original tongue, and an annual ritual which raises, in extreme form, the perennial operatic poser: language of the composer, or language of the audience?

The argument for translation is obvious and, at first sight, overwhelming. Opera is sung drama; audiences should be able to follow, not just the general gist of what's going on, but the detailed argument. Against this, a number of more subtle and complex considerations prevail.

Words are set, at any rate by a good composer, with a nicety of emphasis and musical shape closely related to the original syllables. Imposition of an alien text destroys not only this careful integration, but the essential *flavour* of the total effect. Anyone who has heard

Two new Siegfrieds – Ticho Parly and Karl-Joseph Hering – and a new Brunnhilde – Ludmila Dvorakova – will be heard in Covent Garden's two "Ring" cycles.

Christoff singing *Boris Godunov* will know what I mean. Moussorgsky's musical thought seems to spring directly from the vivid, throaty sounds of the Russian language, as indeed the characteristic German and Italian styles are bound up with the cadences of these tongues.

Britain's three permanent opera houses neatly typify three possible approaches to the problem. Sadler's Wells, placing understanding above euphony, do nearly everything in English. Glyndebourne stick rigidly to the original, even for unfamiliar, wordy late Strauss. Covent Garden take the middle way: broadly, original for familiar repertoire, the *Aidas*, the *Bohemes*, and the *Rings*; translation where the opera is little-known, like *Moses and Aaron*.

This, it seems to me, is the most sensible answer in a situation that has no ideal solution. But now a new factor is raising its head. Even our own singers are refusing to learn new, long parts in English – because of the limited market. For this reason, Strauss's monumental *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*, crying out for translation, will be heard for the first time this season, in the original.

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 13 Oct: New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. Soloist: Rudolf Firkusny, piano. 8.0
Sun 16 Oct: London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Wandsworth Schoolboys' Choir. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. Soloists: Heather Harper, Janet Baker, Peter Pears, Don Garrard. 7.30
M 17 Oct: 75th Anniversary of the Salvation Army International Staff Band. Conductor: Lt.-Col. Bernard Adams. 7.30
T 18 Oct: London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: John Pritchard. Soloist: John Ogden, piano. 8.0
W 19 Oct: London Mozart Players. Conductor: Harry Blech. Soloists: Tamas Vasary, piano, Jacqueline Delman, soprano. 8.0
ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sat 15 Oct: National Brass Band Festival. National Finals: 9.30 am. Massed Band Concerts: 5.0, 8.0
M 17 Oct: Festival of Light and Folk Music of India, in aid of the Nehru Memorial Trust. 7.30
SHELL THEATRE, Shell Centre, SE1 (WAT 1234). Th 13 and F 14 Oct: Lensbury Singers. Conductor: R Sinden Gilbert. Soloist: Ann Howells, soprano. 7.30
ST CLEMENT DANES, Strand, WC2. Th 13 Oct: Martindale Sidwell Choir, Philomusica of London. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. 9.0

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 13 Oct: DIE WALKURE, Wagner. Conductor: Solti. Principals: Dvorakova, Jones, Veasey, Kozub, Ward, Langdon. 6.0
SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 13 Oct: THE QUEEN OF SPADES, Tchaikovsky. Performance for Youth and Music. 7.0
F 14, T 18 Oct: THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, Mozart. Conductor: Bernardi. Principals: Curphey, Gale, Neville, Tinsley, Egerton, Gray, Kitchiner, McIntyre, Stannard. 7.30
Sat 15, W 19 Oct: THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, Rossini. Conductor: Brydon. Principals: Coster, R Davies, Bowman, K Jones, Shilling, Mangin. 7.30

RECITALS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sun 16 Oct: Sir Francis Cassel, piano. 7.30
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). F 14 Oct: Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano. 8.0
Sat 15 Oct: Modern Jazz Quartet. 6.15 and 9.0
Sun 16 Oct: Charles Rosen, piano. 3.0
W 19 Oct: Martin Neary, organ. 5.55
FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 13 Oct: Lionel Rogg, organ. 7.45
F 14 Oct: Segovia, guitar. 7.45

BALLET

Were we cheated on that last night? Some of us thought we were. The curtain dropped on *The Nutcracker* excerpts, and that was that – literally. The Kirov Ballet season at Covent Garden just petered out to a shameless shambles of mostly inept *divertissements*. The curtain went up again on that last performance of 1 October, revealing Sergeyev, Dudinskaya and the whole company. The national anthems of Russia and Britain were played; the curtain dropped, and except for the repeated "calls" of Makarova, Kolpakova and Semenov, that was it. No farewell speeches, no courtesy "thank you" from Sergeyev for what must undeniably have been the best and warmest audience the Kirov has ever experienced. So we felt cheated – indeed, insulted.

Who took it into their heads that the after-the-show party was more important than the traditional last-night jubilations between the *whole* company and the audience? Certainly not the dancers, who mostly loathe these parties. Last-night audiences expect to be able to show their appreciation for the *whole* company, and this applies particularly to the Kirov, whose *corps de ballet* is without question the best in the world. But while the audience were shouting their heads off to see them, the *corps* were far away in their dressing-rooms – changing for that party.

It was a pity the Kirov Ballet had to close leaving their public on such a sour note, a public they had stage by stage won into their affection. It was really very tough-going – certainly the Bolshoi have never been so troubled – for the Kirov can hardly have started their season on a worse note than what must have been the most badly produced *Swan Lake* ever seen at Covent Garden. Production, production, production all the way marred the glorious dancing. Abysmal décor, abysmal choreography (Petipa, Ivanov, Fokine and Belsky excepted), abysmal music for most of the *divertissements*. So what was glorious dancing only occasionally had the opportunity to be really divine: *Chopiniana* was that rare exception, and, ironically, this was only because no décor at all was used.

Indeed, the Kirov Style would seem to indicate that dancing alone is be-all and end-all – excusable, perhaps, when the dancers the school churns out are taken into consideration . . . the lyrical, romantic Makarova, a phenomenon who is already being spoken of in the same breath as Pavlova and Spessivtzeva; the classicist Kolpakova; the virtuoso Fedicheva, whose Lilac Fairy sets a new standard; the feather-light Kurgapkina, whose *pointes* are replaced by springs; the intense dance-actress Komleva; that creature of *batterie*, Soloviev. And so much more . . . Vikulov, Budarin, Moiseyeva (one of the funniest Ugly Sisters we have seen), Semenov; plus the embryo talents of Bolshakova, Danilova, Michaylova, Soldun, Gruzdeva, Pavlovskaya, and Nisnevich. What a pity we were cheated out of our right to pay them homage on that last night.

ian woodward

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GOOD EATING

Celebrating their first birthday this week: the Sans Souci in Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea. Praise for the real achievements here go to 32-year-old Harry Whalley, born in Lytham St Annes and trained at the Hotel School, Blackpool. After a spell managing the Colony of Washington DC, he is cooking in his own place, and enjoying every minute of it, too.

The menu may seem small, but if there's something you want, he'll do his best to supply demand – like the lunchtime he went out to buy a customer the lobster he so badly wanted Thermidor. Of course, you've got to have time to spare, if that's the kind of treatment you want.

In a restaurant that seats 30, I wouldn't mind if the coffee were actually fresher. Otherwise, well done!

Most of the clientele are locals, Cheyne Walk people and that. Very select. Go soon, before the rush starts, then you'll be able to murmur to latercomers: "If you knew Souci . . ."

Eating on Sundays

Prunier's, as noted in a recent London Choice selection, have started to open on Sundays. When Madame Prunier wrote to tell me about this the other day her explanation was: "This is in answer to many requests. . . . On all sides I hear that there is a need for a really first-class restaurant to be opened on Sundays."

An interesting point, which prompts this thought: funny how hotels, that ought to be pretty sound on Sundays, somehow fail to attract eaters. Why? Does a recent experience up the road from Prunier's, at the Ritz, of all places, help with an explanation?

Admittedly it was tea, but we arrived, five of us, at a reasonable tea time. Sandwiches were mediocre, and the bread-and-butter we asked for as an extra (at 8 bob a nob it's not included) was appalling – the cheapest white sliced loaf too generously smeared with butter. And frankly the cakes were close on stale. Silly old Ritz! Don't you know that families are eating out nowadays?

That, after all, is why Mme Prunier can record requests for a top Sunday restaurant – especially for lunch. Mario blazed the West End trail here, of course, with the Empress, which includes half-price for children. Nor are the suburbs far behind, for places like Hampstead's Keats have introduced a weekend family lunch at 17s 6d, with half-price portions for children.

arthur pottersman

Smiling welcome to the Sans Souci, Chelsea, comes from owner-chef Harry Whalley (right) and head waiter Armando.

AROUND TOWN

GENEVIEVE, 13-14 Thayer Street, W1 (HUN 2244). Open Monday to Saturday from 12.15 to 2.30 (last orders) and 6.30 to 11.30 (last orders). On the whole it is worth having a meal at this restaurant. The cuisine is all French, the wine list all right, the décor rather sweetly attractive, the service friendly. A real black mark at dinner the other evening was that I had to ask for fresh French bread instead of the hours-old provided. As to the regular dishes, which we were at pains to test: the *consommé de faisan* really seemed little more than a gamey *petit marmite* plus capers. But the *entrées* were good – roast duckling baked in honey and with peaches; *suprême de volaille du chef,* stuffed with truffles, mushrooms, cream. At sweets time, we were rather surprised to find little but ice-cream dishes in this place, and finally settled for chocolate *gâteau,* which was all that we were promised. Bill for two will normally hover just around or over the £5 mark. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard*

THE VINE, 3 Piccadilly Place, W1 (REG 5789). Monday to Saturday from 12.30 to 3 pm (last orders) and 6 to 10.30 for dinner (last orders). This is the meat end of Bentleys, several of whose fish dishes they also provide. You come here for grills, steaks, chops and so forth, which are first rate, pink or however. Wine list is mixed, but it comes by the glass, too, always a great help. I can't say you'll have a good confidential conversation here—it is just that bit too small and close together. But you will have a comfortable, plain and unhurried meal. Bill for two: around £4 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

SANS SOUCI, 68 Royal Hospital Road, SW3 (FLA 6045). Lunch from Monday to Friday, 12 to 2.30 pm, includes a 12s 6d three-course *table d'hôte* as well as *à la carte.* Dinner is on Monday to Saturday, from 7 pm to last order time at 11 pm. Food is really pretty good. I took a 22-year-old there the other evening. She looked with alarm as her *suprême de volaille* emerged from *sous cloche,* but said, after a couple of succulent mouthfuls, "This is yummy." Two can eat and drink there for £3 10s, comfortably, I should say. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Barclays, Eurocard*

LONDON CHOICE

ANTOINE'S, French, 40 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 2817). Open Sun-Fri; closed Sat from 12-2.30 pm and 6-11 pm. Average bill for two, about £5. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30 am-3 pm, 5.30-11 pm (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 1 am-3 pm. Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

LA COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Open every day from 12-3 pm and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 11.30 pm. Expect to pay about £4 for two. No credit cards

PARKES, International, 4 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KEN 1390). Dinner only 7.30-11.30 pm. £3 for a four-course *table d'hôte* meal. You must book well in advance. No credit cards

SCOTT'S, English, 18-20 Coventry Street, W1 (GER 7175). Dinner 6-11 pm. The fish dishes are probably best. Wines from 20s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

A la carte menu about 35s

L'HIRONDELLE (REG 0362), Swallow Street, Piccadilly. 7 pm-4 am. Floor-show at 10.30 pm and 1.30 am (Yvonne Marsh and Nick Bennett). Dinner, dance and show, 55s (Sat £3). Dancing, two bands

PIGALLE (REG 6423), 190 Piccadilly. 7.30 pm-3.30 am. No membership or entrance fee. Floor-show (currently: Pat Ferris). Mon-Sat: Dinner, dance and show 57s 6d, Dinner-dancing 32s 6d min in La Taverna (closed Mon)

SHOWBOAT (WHI 2781), Lyons' Corner House, Trafalgar Square. 8.30 pm-1 am. Closed Sun. Stage show at 10.30 pm. Dinner, dance and show, 39s 6d, plus wine

TALK OF THE TOWN (REG 5051), Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square. Cocktail lounge opens 7.30 pm. Restaurant 8.15 pm to 1.15 am. Revue 9.30 pm. Cabaret 11 pm (currently: Pearl Bailey). Dinner, dance and show, Mon-Fri 59s 6d. Sat 65s

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S (MAY 3558), 44 Berkeley Square. 6.30 pm until late. Membership 12 guineas. Dinner-dancing £6-£7. Discothèque, late dining club

BEACHCOMBER (MAY 7777), Berkeley Street. 5.30 pm-1 am. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner min 30s. Wines 21s-£3. Three bands

CANDLELIGHT CLUB (GRO 5753), 3 Green Street, Grosvenor Square. Mon to Fri 8.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sat. Sun 8.30 pm-3.30 am. *A la carte* dinner 79s 6d, plus wine. Cover charge, service charge. Discothèque. Dancing to piano

CHANTICLEER (VIC 5695), Roebuck House, Palace Street. 6.30 pm-3 am. Closed Sun. Cover charge. Dinner from 30s, plus wine. Three-piece band and singer

LA DOLCE VITA (GER 2774), 10 Frith Street. 6 pm-1.30 am (Sun until 12.30 am). Dinner 21s min.

DORCHESTER (MAY 8888), Park Lane. 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Closed Sun. About £4-£5, inc wine. Dancing to New Dorchester Music. Service charge. The Grill Room, 6.30 pm-midnight

GROSVENOR HOUSE RESTAURANT (GRO 6363), Park Lane. 7.30 pm-1 am. *Table d'hote* dinner 35s. Dancing 8 pm to 1 am to the Sydney Lipton Band and Los Cincos Ricardos Group. Service charge

PLAYBOY CLUB (MAY 6001), 45 Park Lane. VIP Room 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Dinner-dancing and cabaret about 3 guineas. Breakfast 1.30 am. Membership 5 guineas (plus 3 guineas initiation)

RENAISSANCE CLUB (KEN 7761), 39a Harrington Road. 11 am-3.30 pm, 5.30 pm-12.30 am. Membership 21s. Wines 18s 6d-37s. Licensed until midnight. Supper licence until 12.30 am

DISCOTHEQUES

BIRDLAND (WHI 1648), 4 Duke of York Street. 8 pm-1 am. Membership £1. Entrance fee. Light refreshments

BLAISE'S (KEN 6228), 121 Queen's Gate. 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Entrance fee. *A la carte* from 17s 6d. Live groups

DIE FLEDERMAUS (REG 5741), 7 Carlisle Street. 8 pm-3 am. Membership £1. Entrance fee. Trio

DOLLY'S (GRO 5927), 57 Jermyn Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Membership 5 gns. Cover charge. Grills

HADDY'S (FRE 9918), 158 Old Brompton Road. 8 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No membership or entrance fee. Full restaurant. Min charge 21s. Average 30s, inc wine

THE 007 (HYD 8000), Hilton Hotel, Park Lane. 6.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No entrance fee. After 11 pm min food charge 10s 6d. Band

SADDLE ROOM (GRO 4994), 7 Hamilton Place. 10 pm-5 am. Closed Sun. Entrance fee includes first drink. Short grills menu 15s-£1. 19 Oct: Lee Dorsey

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S (TRA 6109), 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street. 10 pm-4 am. Membership 5 guineas. Entrance fee for guests. Grills about £1. Resident groups. 13, 14 Oct: The Trend. 15, 17, 18 Oct: The Loose Ends

SIBYLLA'S (REG 7447), 9 Swallow Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Members only. Cover charge. Live groups

GAMING

CROCKFORD'S (930-2721), 16 Carlton House Terrace. Gaming 5 pm until play ends. Membership 8 gns. Bridge from 2.30 pm. Chemin de fer, roulette, blackjack, baccarat. Resturant and bar

HAMILTON CLUB (GRO 2591), 2 Hamilton Place. Open all the time. Membership 8 gns. Mainly bridge but some poker. Restaurant and bar

LE CERCLE (GRO 5050), 5 Hamilton Place. Opens 10 pm. Membership by introduction only. Blackjack, roulette, chemin de fer and backgammon. Restaurant and bar

NEW CASANOVA (MAY 1463), 52 Grosvenor Street. Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 gns. Backgammon. blackjack, roulette, chemin de fer, craps. Restaurant and bar

QUEENSWAY (BAY 5934), 16 Queensway. 5 pm till play ends. Membership 2 gns. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, American and French roulette, dice, poker, punto-banco. Restaurant and bar

SPORTING CLUB, KNIGHTSBRIDGE (KNI 4252), 163 Knightsbridge. 2 pm-3 am or later. Membership 3 gns. Roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, American dice, baccarat. Restaurant and bar. Breakfast from 1 am.

VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB (AMB 2467), 150-162 Edgware Road. 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, kalooki, poker, roulette. Restaurant and bar

WINDMILL GAMBLING SALOON (GER 8552), Great Windmill Street. 4 pm until play ends. Membership 10s 6d. American roulette, black-

up" of houses throughout the capital. City workers use it. So do tourists seeking refreshment after visiting St Paul's

SCARSDALE ARMS, 23a Edwardes Square, W8. Excellent, unspoilt 18th century pub in a Kensington backwater, as it were. Used predominantly by the discriminating, and a recognised retreat for rugger enthusiasts. They'll gate me for saying it, but it is a swinging pub

SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD, 20 Great Marlborough Street, W1. If you're on a day off, and have been pressured into West End shopping, look in here to rest the aching feet, enjoy a snack and savour cool beer in quiet and comfort. Because it's near a main shopping stem, it's invariably filled with a quite fascinating cross-section of drinkers

HAND AND FLOWER, 1 Hammersmith Road, W14. If you ever look in at any of the many exhibitions at Olympia, you'll find this a haven for food and drink after hours spent tramping round the stands. It's just across the street. They're accustomed to coping with crowds, and the service is instant

ZETLAND ARMS, 2 Bute Street, Old Brompton Road, SW7. One of those cheery houses you see in beer ads on the telly. Attracts a large, young crowd from the immediate area, and – whisper it – even Chelsea and Fulham! Fun drinking, if a bit elbow-to-elbow at busy periods. A fair old boozer

RED LION, 152 Ebury Street, SW1. A haven in Pimlico. Small, clean, comfortable. A stronghold for loyal locals, but the passing parade always catered for, too

THE WHEATSHEAF, Kenton Street, WC1. Surrounded by university colleges and halls of residence, attracts lively young students and idiosyncratic locals. Cliff and Vi Lawrence, who run the pub, lend much to the atmosphere

SPREAD EAGLE, 8 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 5519. Lunchtime food service, and relaxing after-the-office spot for people working in and around Oxford Street. Convenient meeting place to start a night out, but beware the tantalising Doubles Bar upstairs if you want to move on to a movie or theatre

COCKTAIL TIME

COCKTAIL BAR, Berkeley Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1. As befits the restrained sumptuousness of the hotel, this offers near-plush drinking with dignity and deep-seated comfort. Drinks range excellent, service immaculately unobtrusive. Ideal place for aperitif time before lunching or dining

OLD WINE SHADES, 6 Martin Lane, EC4. MAN 6876. The oldest wine house in the City of London. Situated off Cannon Street, it survived the Great Fire and the blitz. Built in 1663 as a "drinking hostelry," it has atmosphere and mellow charm, and a range of close on 100 wines. You can also buy spirits and bottled beer, and there is an excellent sandwich

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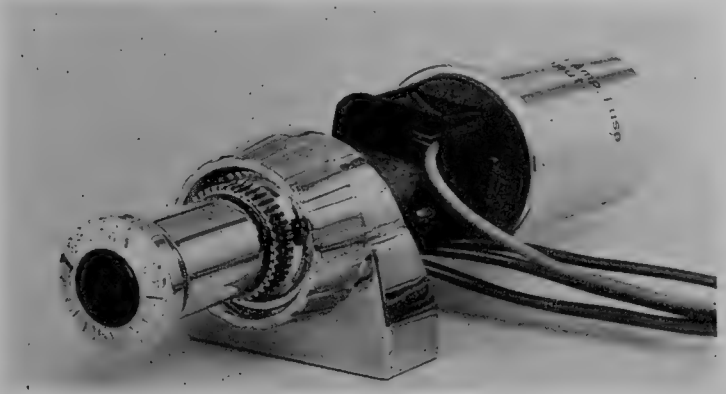
NEW THINGS

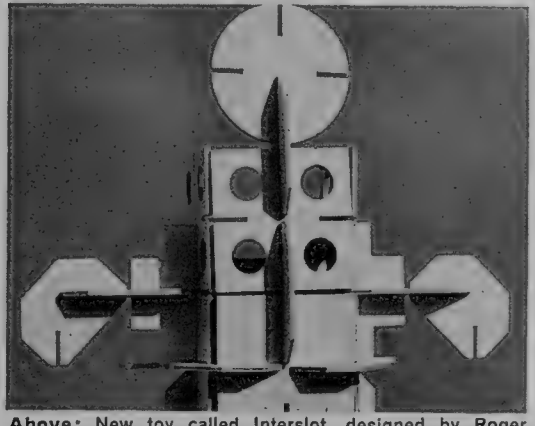
By Annabella Eatherley

Above: New Veritone desk-set-cum-radio, complete with Parker ballpoint pen, paper knife, small note-pad and silver-coloured name-plate. It also has a wireless which will tune into any medium-wave station. Works by battery. 8 guineas from Fortnum & Mason.

Above: New soft toy – a prehistoric animal called Dede-Saurus, covered in a green and blue patterned material. 75s 6d from Fenwicks. **Below:** New for the kitchen: a Union Jack cotton apron, 18s 6d; a tea-caddy, 7s 6d, with red enamel spoon; and an oven glove, 10s 6d. From Gear, Carnaby Street.

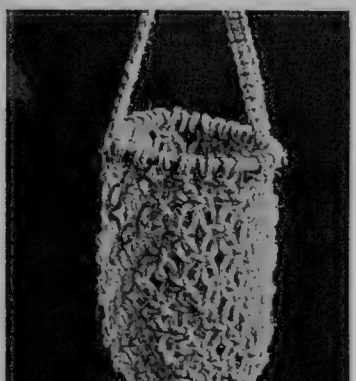


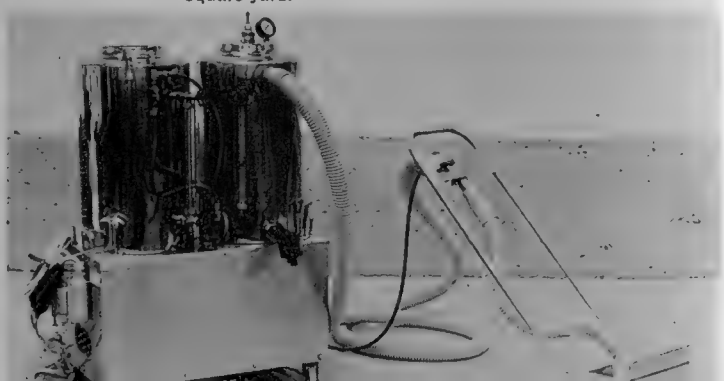
Above: New four-way flasher – a device which operates the flashing car-indicators, in the event of a breakdown. Can be installed in a few minutes beneath the dash-board. 52s 6d from garages and most motor accessory shops.



Above: New toy called Interslot, designed by Roger Limbrick: six flat, coloured, plywood shapes which slot into one another. From James Galt. **Below:** New, useful rope basket. Comes in various colours: magenta, orange, lime, turquoise, and in several shapes. From Gear, 49s.

Above: New Felvic air humidifier. One unit is sufficient to cater for a three- to four-bedroomed house, by placing it in the hall and leaving the doors open. From Harrods and Maples, £24. **Below:** New way of carpet cleaning with steam and no brushes. Zoom Carpet Cleaners Ltd (BIS 7335) will clean your carpets and upholstery for approximately 6s per square yard.





INCOMPARABLE MAX MEANT BY

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. Even though he did practically live in the Café Royal where, on Wednesday October 26th, you can indulge yourself in an evening's professional boxing (he would have *hated* it) and an unforgettable dinner in the triumphantly incongruous setting of the National Sporting Club. All for a mere 5 or 10 guineas. Tickets from Keith Prowse agencies or The Keystone Committee, 17 Bedford Sq., W.C.1. In aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. Black tie, of course (Max would have liked that).

DAY OUT

EXHIBITIONS

GOLDSMITHS' HALL, Foster Lane, EC2. Friedrich Becker. Display of modern jewellery, silver, stainless steel and industrial design by one of Germany's leading designers. Until 19 Oct: M-F 10.0-5.0

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington. Old Sheffield Plate. The method of plating copper with silver by fusion was discovered by Thomas Boulsover, a Sheffield cutler, in about 1743, and from about 1780 to 1810 products made with this process rivalled those of gold- and silversmiths in design and execution. The exhibits include the only authenticated piece of Boulsover's work, a salver he presented to his daughter on her marriage, candlesticks designed by John Flaxman and Sir Francis Chantrey and a soup tureen in the form of a turtle. Until 23 Nov: M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

DESIGN CENTRE, Haymarket, SW1. Scientific Instruments. 40 exhibits of the latest in design and production. Until 19 Nov: M-Sat 9.30-5.30. W and Th 9.30-9

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE, Albemarle Street, W1. British Book Production. 150 books chosen for their good design and production from both commercial publishers and private presses. Also on show are the processes used in book printing and examples of the method used on some of the chosen books. Until 29 Oct: M-Sat 11-6.30, Th 8.0, Sat 11-5

ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES, 195 Piccadilly, W1. *Sunday Mirror* National Exhibition Children's Art '66. Paintings, sculpture, collages, ceramics, etc, sent in by children and schools all over the country. Some works are by individual children, some by groups. The first prize was won by Richard Williamson of Winchester College. Until 16 Oct: M-Sat 10-7, Sun 2-6

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

First Division

Fulham v West Ham United. Craven Cottage. Sat, 3 pm. (District Line to Putney Bridge, then riverside walk)

Tottenham Hotspur v Blackpool. White Hart Lane. Sat, 3 pm. (Rail from Liverpool Street to White Hart Lane)

Second Division

Millwall v Crystal Palace. The Den. Sat, 3.15 pm. (Underground from Whitechapel or trains from Charing Cross, to New Cross and New Cross Gate)

Third Division

Leyton Orient v Darlington. Brisbane Road. Sat, 3 pm. (Central Line to Leyton)

Fourth Division

Brentford v Stockport County. Griffin Park. Sat, 3.15 pm. (Rail to Brentford or Piccadilly Line to South Ealing)

Brentford v Halifax Town. Griffin Park. Tues, 7.30 pm. (Rail to Brentford or Piccadilly Line to South Ealing)

FLAT RACING

Newmarket. Thurs, Fri, Sat. Cambridgeshire Sat. (Trains from Liverpool Street to Newmarket. By road take A11)

Windsor. Mon. (Trains from Paddington or Waterloo. By car on M4)

Sandown Park. Wed. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher. By road A3)

STEEPLECHASING

Kempton Park. Sat. (Trains from Waterloo to Kempton Park. Green Line coaches 718, 725)

Sandown Park. Wed. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher. By road A3)

GREYHOUND RACING

Harringay. Mon and Fri. 7.45 pm. Gold Vase Final Mon. (Piccadilly Line to Manor House. Buses 29, 269, 171, 141.) Restaurant reservations STA 3474

Wimbledon. Wed and Fri. 7.45 pm. (Trains to Earlsfield. Haydons Road. District Line to Wimbledon. Buses 44, 77, 77a, 189, 220, 285.) Restaurant reservations WIM 5361

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM, Bloomsbury, WC1 (MUS 1555). Th 13 Oct: Chinese pottery and porcelain. 11.30. Aspects of graphic art – Callot (illustrated). 3.0

F 14 Oct: everyday life in Mesopotamia. 11.30. Egyptian sculpture. 3.0

Sat 15 Oct: aspects of graphic art – Goya (illustrated). 11.30. The Elgin Marbles. 3.0

M 17 Oct: Ancient Mesopotamia. 11.30. Drawings by Watteau. 3.0

T 18 Oct: Assyrian mythology. 11.30. The Sutton Hoo Ship Burial. 3.0

W 19 Oct: Indian Mughal painting (special exhibition). 11.30. The background to the English Bible (illustrated). 3.0

GERMAN INSTITUTE, 51 Princes Gate, SW7 (KEN 3648). T 18 Oct: introduction to Wagner's Ring. Else Mayer-Lismann (musical illustrations). 8.0

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sat 15 Oct: atomic power, Victor Wall. 3.0

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 13 Oct: Neo-classicism, Madeleine Mainstone. 1.15. The Bayeaux Tapestry, C H Gibbs-Smith. 6.15

Sat 15 Oct: Chinese metalwork, Margaret Medley. 3.0. 16th century portraits, Elizabeth Murdoch. 3.0

T 18 Oct: Raphael, Madeleine Mainstone. 1.15

THE WALLACE COLLECTION, Manchester Square, W1 (WEL 0687. W 19 Oct: French furniture – Louis XIV, Derek Shrub. 1.0

LONDON AT LUNCH

THURSDAY 13 OCTOBER

BBC Concert Orchestra. Conductor: Marcus Dods. Soloist: Valerie Tryon, piano. Guildhall. 12.15

Play: *The Audition*, a new musical by Sean Vincent and Andrew Lawson Johnstone. Quipu, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2. 12.15 and 1.15 (also Fri)

MONDAY 17 OCTOBER

Recital: Alberni String Quartet play Haydn and Shostakovich. Bishopsgate Hall. 1.5 (also T and W)

Play: *Monica*, a new play by Pauline Macauley. Quipu, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2. 12.15 and 1.15 (also T and W)

TUESDAY 18 OCTOBER

Dialogue between Anne Kerr, MP for Rochester and Chatham, and the Rector. St Mary-le-Bow. 1.5

WEDNESDAY 19 OCTOBER

Caught in the Act – improvised comedy with Keith Johnstone, Lucy Fleming, Benjamin Benison, Tony Trent, Richard Morgan. Cochrane Theatre, Southampton Row, WC1. 12.45

Recital: Nancy Dibley, viola, Bruce Hylton Stewart, piano. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

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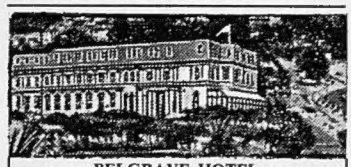

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London Letters

Poor young things

Poor Jane Asher – with the world before her and a Grand Romance – can think only of old age as being ghastly and "wrinkled," etc. Do young girls never look ahead to anything nice happening? Only that they are going to be old?

The most amusing female is Marlene Dietrich and she's well past youth – I do not believe she ever thinks about her age at all. Knocks this lot into the distance. They will be brooding over every stage and age, rushing for face-lifts and driving everybody crackers all around them. Suicidal at the thought of 25 – 30 – 35 – 40 (horrors) and so on and on and drearily on. Poor husbands, poor kids. To the Kibbutz with them. **Peggy O'Connor, Latchmere Lane, Kingston, Surrey.**

Exoticism of sculpture

Sculpture is still something of an exotic commodity in England. We have not assimilated sculpture into everyday life – it is not part of our general consciousness, but something we look at in museums and galleries. Nearly everybody has a picture of one kind or another in their home, but very few people possess any sculpture. Most people's notion of sculpture is limited to those sad war memorials or civic plaques which have nothing to do with sculpture at all, but with a singularly lifeless tradition of effigy-making or three-dimensional pseudo-decoration. **R S Fisher, Minford Gardens, W14.**

Loneliness

There are too many lonely women in London. Many of them feel unwanted by anyone except to hit a typewriter or fill a shorthand notebook. Their days are short and the nights in their bedsitters too long. The loneliness is worse for older than younger women. What can be done? If the Government is unable to act and if local authorities are scared of the problem, perhaps leading industrial firms can be persuaded to sponsor and pay for an experimental series of clubs for every adult who likes company and people. Who will make a start? **Margery Hurst, Brook Street Bureau, London, W1.**

Anti-mini

Last week I was horrified to see a large display in three shop windows at a well-known store in the centre of Zurich called the Young London Look – girls in absurdly short mini-skirts, with Beatnik boys either lounging or lurking in the background. The remarks of Zurich spectators were anything but complimentary, and I am positive that the British image abroad suffers considerably by such displays. Isn't it time that the young British look became a little less provocative? **Erna Low, Old Brompton Road, SW7.**

Sad end?

I hope everyone was inspired by the recent Liberal Party conference with the new policy, "aerial bombing without tears." The idea brings us back to the days when war was all gallantry and fun. My only fear is that Ian Smith – no sportsman he – might ruin the whole idea by asking his supporters to take turns in camping out all along the railway line, thus ensuring casualties and a sad end to a brilliantly conceived idea. **Michael Pertwee, NW8.**

Bring back Garbo

We hear so much about the swinging scene of London, 1966, but is it really so with it? One firework display and a visit by the Kirov Ballet hardly make for an exciting picture of entertainment.

Perhaps the show business planners should try harder . . . after all, London is beyond question the mecca of all things theatrical. I have heard that the incomparable Garbo would dearly like to do a play in London for a short season; just try and conjure up the breathless excitement even the thought promotes. And why not someone like Alice Faye at the Talk of the Town? Not everybody is 19, or even wants to be. . . . **Barrie Stacey, Monmouth Street, WC2.**

Animal lovers

The idea seems to have got around that the London youngsters of today do not love the circus as much as their parents did. Not a bit of it. More of the kids come to the big top today than ever. What is it that they most enjoy seeing? The answer is the same today as yesterday. The animals. Children love animals, so each year we give at least one performance to help an animal charity. This year it is the Animal Health Trust that will benefit to the tune of several thousand pounds, thanks to the support London's youngsters give to their circus. **Bernard Mills, Isleworth, Middlesex.**

Under 25s

I read Roger Baker's quiz and scored 12. Even then I cheated a bit. But we under-25 scorers do not follow the in-crowd, nor do our wives wear mini-skirts, to slavishly follow the fashions. I suggest that Mr Baker meet a few more under-25s. He might open his narrow, snobbish world a little. **P J Herbert, Chertsey Road, Addlestone, Surrey.**

Our garden furniture consists of nothing – just grass. The walls of our "lounge" not "sitting-room" (highly Victorian) are hung with collages and abstracts done by ourselves, and dinner means something fabulous at 8 pm. Isn't Roger Baker a peculiar person? **G B White, St Margaret's Road, Edgware, Middlesex.**

Roger Baker must take courage and look forward to visiting one of our quaint homes (that elude any of his categories) to see how the odd 56,000,000 of us pass our dim days.

May he be blessed with continuing health and strength for the burden of his days and nights. Has he ever been to Tijuana? I am sure PSA could fly him there, on a stretcher, under deep sedation, so that he could give London Lifers a fresh angle on go-go-go when he awoke. **June Stewart-Wallace, Stratton Chase, Chalfont St Giles.**

Roger Baker writes: Life, I admit, can be very trying, always on the go-go-go, swinging 23 hours a day, using the odd hour for a quick nap, a shave and to rinse through a drip-dry shirt. Several hours of deep sleep on the way to Tijuana would be great!

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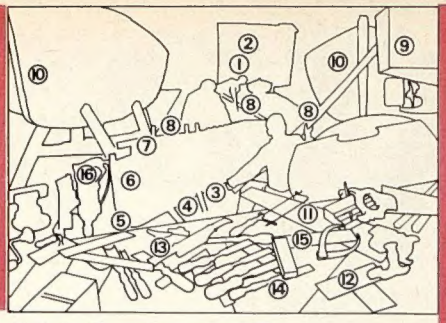
We've got taste...

PG 1

Gold Leaf taste

It's the real taste of great Virginia tobacco, specially imported, specially blended, specially packed. We Gold Leaf smokers enjoy the taste of one of the great cigarettes. ***Join us...*** *4/7 for 20*

THE BOAT BUILDER



EDGING ON LARNE HARBOUR, a crossing point for many travellers to Northern Ireland, is the boatyard of the brothers Adams. Address—Adams Brothers, Larne Harbour, County Antrim. (Shell Touring map No. 10 from your dealer.) Within a stone's-throw of the yard is Olderfleet Castle where legend has it that Robert The Bruce landed about the year 1300.

The boatyard snuggles amidst a clutter of cottages nestling on a sickle-shaped beach known as The Curran ("currain"—a reaper's hook), and looks out over the sheltered waters of Larne Lough **1** towards Islandmagee **2**.

Along this lovely Antrim coast a tradition of building strong boats is linked with Viking raids on Ulster, Ireland's most northern province, and a Nordic influence in design and construction can be seen today.

Samuel Adams justifiably boasts he can build any boat, but his joy is the construction of small sailing craft of up to twenty-five feet. He speaks with particular pride of the "flying fifteens" which have left his yard for sailing in far-off waters.

Under construction, is the skeleton of a sixteen-footer **3**. The keel **4** is of oak and the stem **5** and frame **6** of elm. Elm ribs **7**, first made pliable in a steam box, are bent to fit snugly inside the sweeping contours of the frame.

Planks **8**, individually shaped of mahogany or spruce are fixed to the frame with copper nails, butt-jointed for "carvel" **9** and overlapping for "clinker" construction **10**.

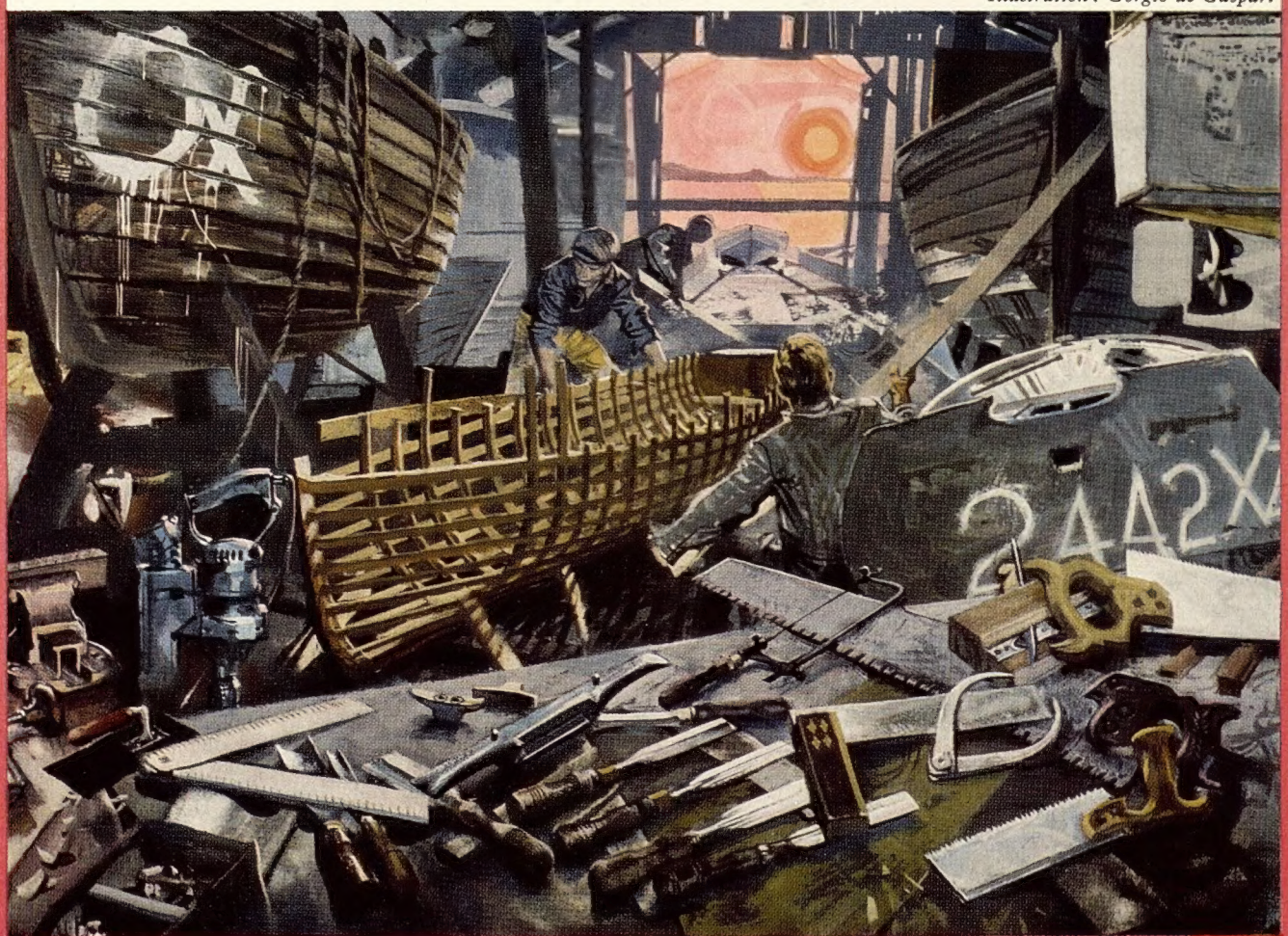
Hand tools of the small boatbuilder include a heavy cross-cut **11** and light tenon saw **12**, spokeshave **13** and chisels **14**, a carpenter's square and calipers **15** and an electrically-powered hand drill **16**.

In winter months the yard is filled to capacity with craft of every description for storage, repair and conversion, in preparation for the coming season.

In Northern Ireland many traditional crafts are still plied. Why not write for further information to The Northern Ireland Rural Industries Development Committee, 28 Bedford Street, Belfast 2.

New—*The Shell Country Alphabet* by Geoffrey Grigson; an encyclopaedia of countryside knowledge. Michael Joseph. 30/-.

Illustration: Gorgio de Gaspari



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